

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE CANCAN.

With the popularization of the Opéra-Bouffe, the Parisian dance called the *cancan* first became generally introduced to the American community. The name had preceded it, and had prepared the public mind for a kind of outrageous exuberance of pedal motion, which the gymnastic exercises of Mlle. Tostée, in the original performances of the "Grande Duchesse" of Offenbach, temporarily satisfied.

The community, however, were soon informed by the connoisseurs what the shaking of long skirts, and the attitudinalization of the lower extremities, but feebly, if appetizingly, shadowed forth.

"Little Oliver never more persistently cried for more" than did the class of people who were exhilarated, if also debased, by the "Black Crook" and "Belle Hélène." The various opera-halls advertised publicly, and

insinuated privately, that, at their various places, the *cancan* would be danced, with imported splendors, by those "to these manners born." License reigned supreme at some of these performances, and to say that they degenerated to being entertainments for the demi-monde, would be to flatter them, for they were mostly patronized by pimps, prostitutes, gamblers and swell thieves.

Latterly, however, the infection of this moral degradation has become dangerous, for the plague is spreading into higher circles, and its wriggling abomination is pervading the higher spheres of society.

The portrayal of feeling and passion seems to have put on a *cancan* phase, which in turn is borrowed from the vulgar nastiness of Egyptian barbarity. Even singers upon the stage add to the shaky huskiness of their own *passé* voices the meretricious wriggle of the Egyptian dancing-woman, as we see it por-

trayed in that exquisitely painted and disgustingly sensual, and, of course, immoral and depraved, picture, lately exhibited by Goupil—the dancing-girl, the "Almée" of Gérôme.

Now, knowing the elevated character of many of the ladies who introduce these suggestive bodily, undulatory wriggles, as gesticulatory enforcements to the intensity of their song utterances, on the platform at Steinway's, and in the parlors of decent life, we are persuaded that it is solely through ignorance of the hidden meaning of these gesticulations that they unwittingly adopt them; for they are not the throbbings of the heart, as seen in the little wren, whose whole bodily effort seems necessary to exhale the intensity of his vocal imaginings. These writhings are but sensuous and gross, the memorizations of the bestialities of our lower natures (which are not in themselves degrading, because God-implanted, for wise purposes, but which

should be curbed, limited to time and place, and elsewhere forgotten).

Will our fine singers, our delicate young ladies, accept the statement here made, that every gesture and movement and expression has a pantomimic meaning, borrowed from the slums of Paris; known not to all, but gloated over, when seen, by the few "who have traveled"?

Such actions are "*doubles-entendres*" as gross as if uttered in speech; such as lie hidden in the cant expressions of the day which so many ladies use, with so little hesitation, to the half-concealed snickers of the unmannered calf, who, knowing the grossness beneath, has not the sense to conceal the fact in the presence of the pure and ignorant.

Will our delicate ladies avoid such phrases of conversation and deportment? The *cancan* is never mentioned to ears polite in Paris. It is never danced in any decent house. Not even



NEW YORK CITY.—MUSEUM JUST OPENED IN THE ARSENAL.—MOUNTED GROUP OF ARABIAN CAMEL-DRIVER ATTACKED BY LIONS, BY THE CELEBRATED PARIS TAXIDERMIST, M. VERREAUX.—SEE PAGE 203.

in the privacy of a family party, in the highest exhilaration of a Christmas fête, would its licentious suggestions be admitted amid one's own relatives and friends—one's wife or sisters.

Accept your coffee sweetened with arsenic, your custards flavored with prussic acid, trichinas in your roasts and boils; but keep the heart and the mind free from infection, and pure from poisonous spots—the grossness borrowed from the vilest of the vile, and transplanted from the moral plague-spot of the world, which now, stripped of its brazen gilding, discloses some portion of its iniquity and hideousness.

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FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1871.

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M. THIERS, AND HIS FORTIFICATIONS.

THE memorable and proverbial feat of the Dutch taking Holland has been paralleled in fact. The French have taken Paris, after a far bloodier and more destructive, if less protracted siege than that by the Germans. The Commune, which was right in some things, but wrong in most, has succumbed, after a wonderful display of misdirected bravery, continued long enough to give to the victors in the struggle an apparent, if not real, justification for reactionary measures of the severest kind, which will be sure to be adopted.

"What next?"

Some rational answer to the question would be possible in any country except France, and in regard to any people except Frenchmen. But what with Legitimists, Monarchists, Imperialists, Conservative Republicans, "Reds," partisans of the right of the great cities to direct, and partisans of the right of the country to dictate, the world probably never saw such a mass of discordant elements requiring to be moulded into order, and inspired with a rational object. The end is not yet, and the momentous question, "What next?" remains to be answered by something beyond human prescience. It is a rather startling statement to make, reverting to the past, instead of trying to peer into the impenetrable future, to say that M. Thiers is responsible for more of the woes of France than was the Emperor or the Empire. Had he not raised the walls of Paris, and dotted the city round with forts, thirty-six years ago, war would have terminated with the overthrow of the Man of Sedan, when not a force sufficiently strong to encounter a single German corps existed in all France. It was Paris, confident in M. Thiers's *enceinte*, and in M. Thiers's forts—which he himself has had the trouble to batter down—that prevented an armistice and a peace, as soon as the Emperor gave up his sword, and MacMahon became prisoner of war. Had peace been made then, it would have saved France a hundred thousand lives, a thousand millions of money, preserved her territorial integrity, and some part, at least, of her military prestige. But Thiers's fortifications prevented a rational appreciation of the condition in which the overthrow of the French armies had left the country, such as the more practical sense of Austria was not slow to conceive after Sadowa. Vienna, happily, had no Thiers. It was substantially an open city. Had it possessed defenses like those of Paris, its people and the government of the country might have sought their shelter, while organizing a vain resistance to Prussian arms, and, in another form, we might have witnessed some of the scenes which have occurred in and around Paris, and on the banks of the Loire.

The idea of making a great city a fortress certainly never could have been conceived by a military mind. It could emanate only from the brain of a mediocre statesman and *littérateur*—from a Thiers. And if bad ideas, like evil birds, ever came home to roost, they must have haunted the *quasi* President, at Versailles, when he found the obstacles to the consolidation of his power and the peace of his country consisted mainly in the very piles of masonry he himself had raised with so much cost and labor.

We do not share in the general regret as to the alleged destruction of what are called the "monuments" of Paris. It was not proper for

a city, claiming to be the metropolis of the world, to insult all Europe with reliefs in brass or sculptures in marble, representing the humiliation to which almost every one of the nations and peoples had been subjected through the power of French arms, when those arms were powerful. There was no propriety in offending the Russian, paying his tribute to the taste and the treasures of Paris, by forcing him to enter the city through the Boulevard of Sebastopol—the very name of which could not fail to foster national resentment by commemorating, ostentatiously, a national wrong or a national humiliation. Was it wise to revive the memories of Jena or Austerlitz by *pont*, or arch, or column?

If for nothing else than for removing these evidences of barbaric vanity—exaggerations of that of the savage who hangs the scalps of his victims from his lodge-pole—we must claim for the Commune some mitigation of the unqualified censure with which it is sure to be visited, now that it has failed.

Now let the "Assembly" remove M. Thiers and his unfortunate defenses with him, and save Paris, if not certainly from another occupation, at least from the horrors of fire and famine. A fortified city is an anomaly in modern warfare; the fates of nations are settled in the field. If we must have the arbitration of the sword, let it be swift and decisive.

SCANDAL IN THE SENATE.

THE Special Session of the United States Senate, for action on the Treaty lately concluded between Great Britain and this country, has been attended with scenes which it would be faint censure to call scandalous. Certain reporters obtained an early copy of the Treaty, which was made public in advance of the action thereon of the Senate—a breach, it is alleged, of the privileges of that body. For this they were arraigned before the Senate, and after they had testified that the copy of the Treaty which they published was not obtained from any Senator or officer or employé of the Senate, or the clerk or secretary of any Senator, the special committee of the "grave and reverend seignors" undertook to force the aforesaid reporters, by actual imprisonment and threats of perpetual imprisonment, to divulge from whom they obtained the precious document. In this they transcended their powers, and should, in some way, be held responsible for the outrage they committed on the rights of the citizen. It seems to us that each member of that committee could be and should be arrested—not alone on the ground of false imprisonment, but of violating, without excuse, the constitutional immunities of the individual. Their proceedings have not differed in principle from the doings of the Star Chamber, and the *lettres de cachet* of the worst period of French despotism would seem to be but little different from an order of the Senate. We presume, however, the reporters will not press the matter, but be content with the odium, ridicule and contempt the Senate has brought upon itself by its action, and by the disgraceful debate to which it led. They would be rancorous indeed if they sought for a severer punishment than Conkling, Carpenter & Co. have inflicted on themselves.

The fact is, that the humbuggery of "Secret Sessions" of the Senate, which are never secret, and are as regularly reported as those of Open Sessions, should be abolished altogether; and treaties should be made public as soon as negotiated, so that their provisions may be acted on by the "Grand Inquest of the Nation." It is a monstrous perversion of our whole theory of government, that the President and two-thirds of the Senators, which two-thirds may really represent only a minority of the people of the United States, shall be able to dispose of the international rights and interests of the people without their knowledge or consent.

BENEVOLENT AND CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS IN NEW YORK.

PART I.

THE charities of this metropolis—whether maintained at the public expense or by private benevolence—are in honorable proportion to the wealth of her citizens as well as to the necessities of the poor and the unfortunate, who are numbered by myriads within her borders. Undoubtedly great suffering exists among thousands of people, independently and in spite of the liberal provision made to relieve it. But there is no class of persons, however desperate, low and degraded, who have been overlooked by the philanthropists of New York; and many of every class, and multitudes of some classes, are constantly ministered to, after the example of the Good Samaritan. The oldest of these institutions is

THE NEW YORK HOSPITAL.

In the year 1770, some public-spirited inhabitants of the city subscribed a considerable amount of money for the erection and estab-

lishment of this hospital; and a petition was presented by Peter Middleton, John Jones and Samuel Bard, physicians, to Lieutenant-Governor Cadwallader Colden, for a charter of incorporation, which was granted on the 13th of June, 1771, by the Earl of Dunmore, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the province.

The Legislature of the Colonial Government, and subsequently the Legislature of the State, at different times passed various acts for the benefit, support and protection of the institution, one of which is worthy of special notice, as it shows that the expedient of what are called "riders" in obtaining legislative enactments, is not a device of the present generation. In the year 1822, the President and Directors of the Bank of Newburgh applied to the Legislature for an amendment to their charter, which, in due time, they obtained. But when the officially published copy of the Act appeared, it was found to have been manipulated in a manner not contemplated by the petitioners—that is to say, the fourth section of the Act was in these words: "And be it further enacted, That no real or personal property whatever, belonging to the Society of the New York Hospital, shall be subject to be taxed by virtue of any law of this State." The law is proper and just, but it seems to have been obtained by a trip through the Circumlocution Office.

In the year 1773, the Governors of the Hospital purchased of Mr. Barclay and Mr. Rutgers a plot of ground for the erection of a suitable edifice, the foundation of which was laid on the 27th of July in that year. In February, 1775, when the building was nearly completed, it was almost entirely destroyed by a fire. Its reconstruction was immediately commenced, aided by a grant from the Legislature of ten thousand dollars; but the Revolutionary War broke out before it was completed, and it remained in an unfinished state until the 3d of January, 1791, when it was in a condition to receive patients.

For many successive years, and up to a comparatively recent period, the Hospital continued to receive appropriations of money from the Legislature and from private citizens, which kept the institution in a prosperous state, and warranted the erection of additional buildings adjoining the original edifice—north, south and west. The last of these additions was finished in 1855.

The Hospital was then complete in all its details. The ground of the entire inclosure was about four hundred and fifty feet by four hundred and twenty; bounded in front by Broadway; in the rear, by Church Street; northerly, by Worth Street; and southerly, by Duane Street. Part of this area, fronting on Broadway, was occupied by warehouses, leaving an avenue in the centre, of about ninety feet, leading from Broadway to the central building, and ornamented with a double row of elms. The hospital-ground was elevated several feet above the level of Broadway.

The principal building, denominated the Main Hospital, was of gray stone, in the simple Doric style. Its front was one hundred and twenty-four feet, fifty feet deep in the centre, and eighty feet in each of its wings. It had three stories above the basement. The basement, about ten feet high, contained a larger and a smaller kitchen, a bakery, store-rooms, and a ward for the reception and temporary accommodation of cases brought in from casualties. The principal story was fourteen feet high. In the centre were a hall and staircase, a room for the Governors, a parlor and dining-room for the Superintendent and other officers, an apothecary's shop, etc. In each story of each wing two wards, eighty feet by twenty-four, opened into passages extending by inclosed piazzas from one of the buildings to the other. Rooms, also, for the officers and employés, and for the library, were here; and the theatre for surgical operations was in the third story. This part of the Hospital had ample accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients. The main building was crowned with a cupola, which afforded a fine view of the city and the surrounding country.

The South Hospital was also built of gray stone. It fronted on Duane Street, extending one hundred and twenty-eight feet, east and west, by a depth of ninety feet. It had accommodations for two hundred and fifty patients; and the arrangement of its details was complete, in regard to all the modern improvements of heating, ventilation, etc. The cost of the building was one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

The North Hospital, on the opposite side of the central building, was erected in 1841. Its size was ninety-three by sixty-three feet. Its cost was fifty thousand dollars, and its accommodations were for one hundred and twenty patients.

The internal economy and arrangements of this institution were proportioned to its magnitude in other respects. Its corporation consists of twenty-six Governors, selected from the most respectable and substantial of the citizens of New York; and, under their appointment, there are six Attending Physicians, two House Physicians, four Consulting Surgeons, six Attending Surgeons, two House Surgeons, a

Curator, a Clinical Registrar, a Microscopist, a Superintendent and Assistant Superintendent, a Clerk, a Chaplain, a Librarian, and an Apothecary; with, of course, a complement of nurses and of all the subordinate employés required in such an establishment. It has been, for many years, the most extensive school of surgical practice in the country.

Its Library consists of more than eight thousand volumes, confined entirely to medicine and surgery, and to those collateral branches of science—chemistry, botany, etc.—which are specially connected with the healing art. Many of the most splendid and costly works ever published on Anatomy and Natural History are in this collection. In the Winter of 1867-8, two young ladies—children in age—daughters of one of the Governors, set about raising a fund of two hundred and fifty dollars by means of a Children's Fair, to furnish newspapers and periodicals for the Hospital Library. Their enterprise produced more than eight hundred dollars; for which material service, the girls were elected members of the Society by a formal ballot of the Board.

The present Governors of the Hospital are: George T. Trimble, President; John David Wolfe, Vice-President; Robert Lenox Kennedy, Treasurer; David Colden Murray, Secretary; Thomas Hall Falle, William Dennistoun, John C. Green, Jackson S. Schultz, Frederick A. Conkling, George Cabot Ward, Nathaniel P. Bailey, George D. H. Gillespie, Otis D. Swan, William B. Hoffman, James W. Beekman, Edward S. Jaffray, James Boorman Johnston, Jonathan Thorne, Samuel Willets, George Talbot Olyphant, James M. Brown, John Earle Williams, Sheppard Gandy, William H. Macy, Robert J. Livingston, and James H. Barker.

Three classes of persons are received at the Hospital. First, those without means of payment, who are received on the judgment of the Committee on their respective cases. These patients, gratuitously supported, constitute an average of about forty per cent. of the whole number under treatment. Secondly, seamen paid for, in whole or in part, from the Hospital Money levied by the United States law. Thirdly, patients who are able to pay for their accommodations and for services rendered. They are, however, received at a rate barely sufficient to repay the outlay which they require; but to them, and to all the patients, the best medical and surgical skill of the country is extended.

The amount of services rendered, and of benefits conferred by the institution, may be seen in the following report of its transactions for the last twenty years:

Total number admitted.....	57,945
" " cured.....	41,107
" " relieved.....	6,940
" " discharged by request.....	2,089
" " discharged as improper objects.....	1,119
" " disorderly and eloped.....	538
" " died.....	6,302
	—57,945

The total number of patients admitted since the Hospital was built is one hundred and forty-one thousand one hundred and thirty-three; and of that number, one hundred and one thousand two hundred and fifty-four were discharged cured.

The verb "to be" is used in its past tense in many of the foregoing paragraphs for the reasons here following:

The current expenses of the New York Hospital have always, and of necessity, been very large, as the services which it rendered to the sick and unfortunate were, for the most part, gratuitous. Its income was derived from three sources:

Annual grants from the State;
Donations and bequests from private benefactors; and
Receipts from such patients as were able to pay for the services of the institution.

The last-mentioned item bore a small proportion to the whole expense. Of late years the State had declined to continue its grants, and private donations had much decreased, owing to a conviction on the part of those persons benevolently inclined that the valuable land, situated now in the very heart of the business part of the city, should itself be made to yield the needed income by the removal of the Hospital to some other location, and by the sale or leasing of the ground on which it stood. The receipts from patients had of late fallen much below the cost of their support, and the annual excess of expenditures over receipts had, for several years, been about twenty-five thousand dollars. Meanwhile, the number of persons requiring hospital treatment was constantly increasing with the rapid growth of the city, and each succeeding year found the corporation with an accumulating debt and diminished resources for supplying the accommodations and treatment demanded by the exigencies of the poor. Sufferers from casualties, requiring immediate relief, were always received without regard to their ability to pay the usual rates for board; but, of late, many other applicants were necessarily refused admittance.

This combination of circumstances could lead to but one result; and, after years of reflection and consultation, and of hope that some available alternative would be discovered, the Board

of Governors were at last compelled to consent to the removal of the old "landmark," which, for almost a century, had been an ornament to the town, and a proud monument of the benevolence and liberality of her citizens.

Therefore, in October, 1868, the Board resolved to lease the land, and to allow the buildings on it to be demolished. In May, 1869, the main building and the North House were vacated, and the work of destruction was begun. The patients were temporarily removed to the South House. A street was then opened through the centre of the premises, leading from Broadway to Church Street, connecting with Thomas Street; and now the remainder of the vacated ground is covered with marble-front warehouses, constructed in the expensive and elegant style of the day.

With the augmentation of its means, the institution will now proceed with increased efficiency; but its permanent location is a matter yet to be decided on.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette*, under the heading of "Frank Leslie and Charles Dickens," takes occasion to be alternately facetious and reproachful *apropos* of this journal and the continuation therein of Mr. Dickens's unfinished story, "Edwin Drood." It gives our paper the credit of being "the leading pictorial paper of the New World"—which we deserve—and also the more doubtful credit of having "brought the trained faculties of American experts to a task pronounced impossible by Englishmen." Now, the task alluded to is the continuation of "Edwin Drood," as going on in these pages. Perhaps it will astonish our London contemporary to learn that the continuation is not by "American experts" at all. Whatever glory attaches to it does not accrue to this continent, which has only the honor of first giving the production the light. It need not look far among the lists of British novelists of the day to light on the name of the author; indeed, it is more than likely it may appear in the roll of its own most valued correspondents.

We should like to know if any case, international, national, State, county, or district; or any question, moral or immoral; any problem, mathematical, scientific, or social, mental or mechanical, regarding evolution of the species; pan-genesis or pantheism, or anything whatever, on which Mr. Reverdy Johnson is not ready to give a written opinion—for cash! His latest effort was a letter in support of the work of the "High-Joints," recommending the Senate and the country to accept it; which recommendation receives special force from the circumstance that the jocund Johnson is the retained counsel of the British Legation in Washington!

Mrs. WILLARD, who is a writer for the woman's rights organ, the *Revolution*, goes strongly for women for Congress, but she would have none eligible under a less age than forty; indeed, she thinks fifty would be better. The *World* objects to the restriction as nullifying the object for which Mrs. Willard contends, "since it is notorious that women never reach the boundary she prescribes, and that they are never more than thirty-nine until they are seventy." It doubts if there can be found, in the whole United States, more than three women between fifty and sixty.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CENTRAL PARK.

THE Commissioners of the Central Park have certainly provided liberal features for the enjoyment of the public. The work of improvement and decoration progresses finely; and while each succeeding day develops new attractions, there is abundant opportunity for the display of objects still more pleasing to the eye, and instructive to the mind.

The new Museum of Natural History, in the remodeled Arsenal, is now open to the public, and is rapidly becoming one of the strongest features in the Park. The systematic and graded classification of pieces finds much favor among the thousands who visit the place to study, while it reflects great credit on the curators.

The collection is so large and varied, representing such a vast stretch of both continents, that it is somewhat difficult to particularize; yet there are here and there curiosities rich in value and mechanical treatment. The specimens prepared by the late Edouard Verreaux, of Paris, elicit deserved notice and comment. In one of the octagons on the upper floor is a group representing an attack by a lion and lioness on a camel—the latter bearing a life-sized figure of an Arabian driver. This is a very fine study, and has a high historical interest. It was prepared by M. Verreaux, who is the leading taxidermist of his time, and, besides attracting very general examination at the Paris Exposition in 1867, drew an elegant prize.

PARTING BANQUET TO THE ENGLISH COMMISSIONERS.

THE farewell banquet to the English members of the now famous High Commission was given at Delmonico's establishment, Fifth Avenue, on Tuesday evening, May 23d, by Cyrus W. Field, Esq. About one hundred of our most promi-

nent citizens were assembled to bid adieu to the distinguished guests. The room was appropriately decorated for the occasion with flags, shields, and international devices.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field presided. On his right sat Earl de Grey and Ripon, K. G.; Judge Williams, Lord Tenterden, Judge Woodruff, E. M. Archibald, British Consul, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. On his left, Sir Stafford Northcote, Bart.; General McDowell, ex-Governor Morgan, General J. A. Dix, W. C. Bryant, and Professor Morse. At either end sat Rev. Dr. Schenck and Admiral Godon, U.S.N.

After the cloth had been removed, the sentiments, "The President of the United States," and "Her Majesty, the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," were honored by patriotic airs from the band and immense cheering by the guests, no formal response being made to either sentiment. Letters were read expressing regret at inability to attend, which had been received from President Grant, Judge Mason, Count Catecazy, and Mr. Sumner.

The first regular toast, "Her Majesty's High Commissioners," was responded to by Earl de Grey.

"The United States High Commissioners" was the next regular toast, and was responded to by Judge Williams, the only American Commissioner present.

"Modern Diplomacy—the Peaceful Settlement of International Disputes," was responded to by Sir Stafford Northcote.

"Blessed are the Peace-makers," a toast sent by Count Catecazy, the Russian Minister, was responded to by Lord Tenterden, who said that the cordiality of the reception given to the British Commissioners had made them feel at home ever since they had been in this country.

"The Army and Navy of the United States and Great Britain—may their only rivalry be the promotion of the best interests of humanity,"

"The Press of the United Kingdom and the United States—may it always be free, enlightened, and pure;" and "The two great English-speaking Nations of the Old and New World—may there be perpetual peace between them," were the other regular toasts, and were responded to respectively by General McDowell, William Cullen Bryant, and Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the most happy manner. The dinner was remarkable for the extreme cordiality and kindly feeling manifested by all present in relation to the prospective settlement of the questions which had been under consideration by the High Commission.

Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Northcote, and Lord Tenterden, of the Joint High Commission, and General Schenck, the American Minister to England, accompanied by his two daughters, and Max Woodhull, Assistant Secretary of Legation, sailed in the *Cuba* for England, on the 24th. A great crowd assembled to witness her departure, and a large party of personal friends of the Commissioners and General Schenck, including many prominent citizens, accompanied them down the bay.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Post Office at Versailles—Communist Court-Martial—Priests Detained as Hostages—A Shell from Mont Valerien.

THE Paris Post Office occupied an old building in the Rue Jean-Jacques Rousseau, having never enjoyed that removal to superior quarters which Napoleon III. was so fond of effecting in the various civil departments. The Post Office administration was one of the last to follow the Government to Versailles. In one of the noblest galleries of the palace of Louis XIV., that containing the battle-pieces of Horace Vernet—the master's sketches meanwhile having been destroyed *in toto* during the Prussian occupation of the building—are now installed the clerks of M. Rampont, the Director-General of Posts. The transformation of this long and sumptuous room is striking. Between the walls spread with the largest canvas pictures in the world, and among the busts consecrated to the military heroes of France, are seen the sacks bursting with dispatches just arrived or departing, and the broad tables of deal, temporarily placed on trestles, upon which the mail matter is assorted. Among these temporary accommodations the army of clerks, with a large increase of inconvenience, are distributing the immense correspondence of France, so long dammed-up, as it were, by the war, and now flowing to and from all the quarters of the globe in accumulated measure.

The sketch of the Communist Court-Martial refers to the session of April 22d, when certain members of the 105th Battalion were examined before Citizen Chardon for various mutinies and acts of insubordination, for disobedience to their commandant, M. Witt, and for refusing to march upon the enemy in the affair at Porte Bineau, April 13th. After the examination of the accused, and of the witnesses against them, the Court-Martial lodged an indictment of "collective cowardice" against the whole battalion, engaged a lawyer to defend them, and, finally, declared the officers exculpated, and the privates degraded and incapable of voting at civil or military elections.

The priests detained as hostages by the Communists were lodged in the old *Dépôt* of the Prefecture of Police, along with an unhappy mass of prisoners awaiting trial on various frivolous pretexts. This *Dépôt* is part of the new Palace of Justice constructed by M. Duc, and is entered by a large court, most picturesquely framed by the lofty walls of the old *Conciergerie*. Opening upon an immense pillared gallery are the prisoners' cells, forming a chain of small rooms, whose outlets may be watched from the corridor. Here were detained the Archbishop of Paris, M. de Guise, the Curé of the Madeleine; M. Chaudey, editor of the *Siecle*; M. de Balathier, of the *Petite Presse*, and others. From this sad but dignified ante-room, after the mockery of a trial, the victims passed to Mazas, and the worst horrors of suspense.

Our last sketch represents one of the Porte Maillot batteries, where citizens were allowed by the volunteers to come surprisingly near the guns. From time to time a shell would fall and explode behind the earthworks, and terribly frighten these inquisitive lookers-on. As soon as the dreaded, hissing sound was heard, the crowd would either throw themselves

on the ground, or flatten themselves very hard against the protecting wall of the Boulevard Pereire. Immediately after the explosion, they would bustle back to their old post of observation.

The Paris Troubles.—Selling Fragments of Shells in the Champs-Elysees—Communist Advanced Post at Issy, Adjoining Paris—Mitrailleuses with Shields—Suppression of Journals.

THE aspect of Paris on May Day, which has, in former years, been marked by many pleasant and graceful signs of the *belle saison*, was a dismal anniversary by contrast of the present discomfort and peril with the state of affairs in time of peace. The townspeople of Paris nevertheless ventured into the Champs-Elysees, attracted by curiosity, near enough to hear the noise and see the smoke of the exploding shells, fragments of which were constantly picked up and offered for sale, as relics or tokens in remembrance of these strange events.

Issy, which rests against the Southern rampart of Paris between the Seine and the Western Railroad, has surrendered its fort to the Versailles. We choose a picture representing the advanced guard post of the Communist forces in that suburb, for the purpose of showing how scientifically these barricades are built, even outside the city. The advanced post here represented has been the scene of much severe fighting. The barricade stretched across half the breadth of the street, and was armed with a single gun. The street runs westward, toward the Meudon station, where the Versailles troops had a battery. The Communist guns were elevated so as to send their shells over a rising ground between Issy and the enemy, and drop them into the Meudon battery. The village has been full of the Communist troops, but most of the people staid in their houses, and the wine-shops, as well as the *vivandieres*, have done a good trade. The fort, abandoned by the Communists, was immediately occupied by the Versailles Government troops.

During the siege of Paris the Versailles a species of armor-plated mitrailleuse was contrived, adapted to the close-quarter fighting which characterized the battles. Around the gun's muzzle, with its cluster of apertures, was fitted a heavily plated shield of iron, capable of resisting the ball of a sharp-shooter, and affording considerable protection to the gunners in charge of the mitrailleuse.

The Paris press, more closely docked by the Communists than ever by the much-complained-of Empire, has been put to the greatest straits for an existence. Even journals of the highest and most impartial character, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, for instance, have been arbitrarily put down, luckily not for any long time. Our sketch shows the reign of terror among the Paris kiosks, during which the honest old women who vend the news of the day have been driven distracted by the contradictory and confusing mandates of the mob-soldiers. The latter, elevated to a position of strict impartiality by the fact that they cannot read, suppress now one paper and now another, from an observation of the page as it appears upside down. The poor creatures who earn a humble living by the tendence on these kiosks, must be added to the many who deserve our pity for the unreasonable suppression of the industries of Paris.

CENTRAL PARK.

THE making a really fine painting is always a difficulty. It is, however, a far greater difficulty to make a fine painting out of one of those subjects which ourselves, and the world in general—we, of course, mean that section of the world in which we immediately move—see day by day. Consequently, when one such scene is fixed on the canvas with the degree of truth such a subject undoubtedly demands, we are compelled to recognize its talent. The painting of Central Park, now on exhibition in the window at Pallard's Art Gallery, on Broadway, opposite Amity Street, is such a picture, and is undoubtedly a work which has attracted a fuller concourse of admirers, from those who are hourly passing, than any painting which has for a long time been put on public exhibition in a similar way.

The subject of the scene has been selected with great taste and refined judgment, and, we honestly believe, in its various parts, can be paralleled in no more than a few public parks in the whole world. It gives us landscape—the charming green landscape of our early summer; water—the fountain and basin, with the end of the lake immediately beyond it; architecture—the descent of the steps, with the fine bas-relief of Autumn, painted with singular force and reality, and figures. So great a variety of skill is displayed in this remarkable work that criticism is puzzled where to specially point out any part as distinctly characterizing the picture. Nothing has been sturred over. Its wonderful exactitude to the literal beauty of the spot is, in our estimation, when combined with the thoroughly honest truth of the figures—the children we may more particularly specify as exquisitely drawn and painted—the principal point for which this painting demands absolute praise. It is, at any rate, certain that we have no other painter at present in New York beside Mr. Rosenberg who would have attempted such a work with the same power of combination, and the same resolute grappling with the clear detail of sunshine and daylight. Indeed, this last is exquisitely felt through the whole of the picture. When the immense versatility of subject which this artist has taken during the past few years is remembered, we cannot but feel that his singularly various talent is as remarkable as the strength he displays in realizing form and color upon the canvas. We again repeat, that this is a remarkable work, and well deserving close and earnest study by all who love Art.

THERE is a plant in New Granada which, if our ink-makers could only grow in sufficient quantity in this country, would be a fortune to them. The plant in question (*Cortaria thymifolia*), is commonly known as the ink-plant, and it is simply the juice that is used without any preparation. Its properties seem, according to a tradition in the country, to have been discovered during the Spanish Administration. A number of written documents destined for the mother country were embarked in a vessel, and transmitted round the Cape; the voyage was unusually tempestuous, and the documents got wetted with salt water; those written with common ink became nearly illegible, whereas those written with "chanchi" (the name of the juice) remained unaltered. A decree was therefore issued that all Government communications should, in future, be written with the vegetable juice. The ink is of a reddish color when freshly written, becoming perfectly black after a few hours, and it has the recommendation of not corroding a steel pen so readily as ordinary ink.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

RUBENSTEIN and Joachim are thinking of coming to the United States.

OLE BULL's brother Edward, organist, is coming to America, in August.

MISS ELZER, a twelve-year-old prima donna, is coming to America, from Vienna.

CARLOTTA PATTI is to return to the United States soon, and her sister Adelina next year.

M. FETIS, author of the famous "Biographical Dictionary of Music," recently died at Brussels, aged seventy-seven.

MR. CHANFRAU continues to draw good audiences to Niblo's Garden, New York, with his American drama of "Kit."

It is rumored that Boston is to have a Summer Garden, after the style of Mr. Theodore Thomas's, in New York, on a grand scale.

MILLE NILSSON has contracted to sing in Italian opera one hundred nights, next season, in Boston, New York and Philadelphia only.

THE Parepa-Rosa Opera Troupe will appear in New York early in the Fall. English and Italian opera will both be given by this company.

MR. JULE E. PERKINS, the Boston basso, has concluded a very successful five-months' engagement at Warsaw. He will soon return to America.

MISS ANNA F. CRANE, the Boston vocalist, who has just concluded a very successful engagement in opera at Siena, Italy, will return to America in October.

MR. ALBITES presented the opera of "Don Giovanni," at the Academy of Music, New York, on May 26th, with Miss Kellogg in the rôle of Zerlina, and Signor Orlandini in that of the title.

WOOD'S MUSEUM is overflowing with attractions for the warm season, and the cozy theatre is kept filled by the production of "Help," with Mr. Joseph Murphy, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MEYERBEER'S "HUGENOTS" has been revived in London with a cast including Mesdames Lucca, Molan-Carvalho and Scalchi, Signori Mongini Cologni, Bagaglio, Mr. Morgan and M. Faure.

"DER MARQUIS DE VILLEMER," the drama by George Sand, has proved very successful on the German stage. Its performance at the Thalia Theatre of Hamburg is well spoken of by the German critics.

SIGNOR SEVERO STRINT, basso, well known in connection with various opera troupes, has just arrived from Europe, and has decided to reside at Boston. He proposes to sing in church, concert, etc.

WIENAWSKI, the great violinist, has accepted a two years' engagement from Herr Ullmann, the first year to be passed in Europe, at a salary of 5,000 francs per month; and the second year in America, at the rate of 10,000 francs per month.

AMONG the bassi at the Drury Lane, London, is Foley, an American, the "Hardford carpenter." They Italianize him there, and make him read "Foil." He has a fine, sympathetic voice, and is a prime favorite in opera and in ballad concerts.

THEODORE THOMAS, with his fine orchestra, has again taken possession of the Central Park Garden for the season. His inaugural concert filled the spacious hall and garden with a fashionable and intelligent audience, and proved a rich musical treat. The programme of the evening embraces the most popular works of favorite composers, skillfully varied and faultlessly executed.

A NEW fantasia, "The Fall of Paris," has just been published in London. It describes the flag of truce, the parley, the sentinel on guard, the surrender, and, finally, the English feeding the Parisians. The rattle of the knives is said to be in sharp, the hunger expressed by reduced sevenths, the Parisians beg in flats; while the accompaniment played by the Germans is in inverted chords, and the Parisians follow in runs.

"JACK SHEPPARD," at the Olympic, New York, with Mr. George L. Fox as *Owen Wood*, Miss Ada Hays as *Jack*, and Miss H. Pearson as *Josephine*. It is one of the pleasantest plays now before the public. The piece contains the leading elements of success—humor, daring, intrigue, and sensation—and affords an opportunity for the infant phenomena, Jennie Yeamans, to win new favor with the public.

THE Grand Opera House, New York, presented a fine selection of pieces during the past week. Pantomime art was displayed before delighted audiences. "The Three Hunchbacks"—a fairy dish modeled from the "Arabian Nights"—was just such a piece as finds favor on these warm evenings. The old favorite, Bonfanti, with an excellent ballet corps; Abbot, the jolly juggler-clown; Moe and Goodrich, the graceful skaters, and other familiar ones, were participants.

QUITE an army of musical artists are looking America-wards just now. We learn the following of a trio, each of whom has won distinction on the European stage: "Mme. Patey is a beautiful contralto, and, reports say, up to our own Adelaide Phillips, with a voice quite like hers. Miss Edith Wynne is a fine soprano, full of earnestness and sympathy. Santley, the baritone, has a charming voice, sympathetic and mellow, and is a fine artist, generally. He holds the best position in London of any local artist, and is busy all of the time. He will create a great sensation in the United States, especially with his ballad singing."

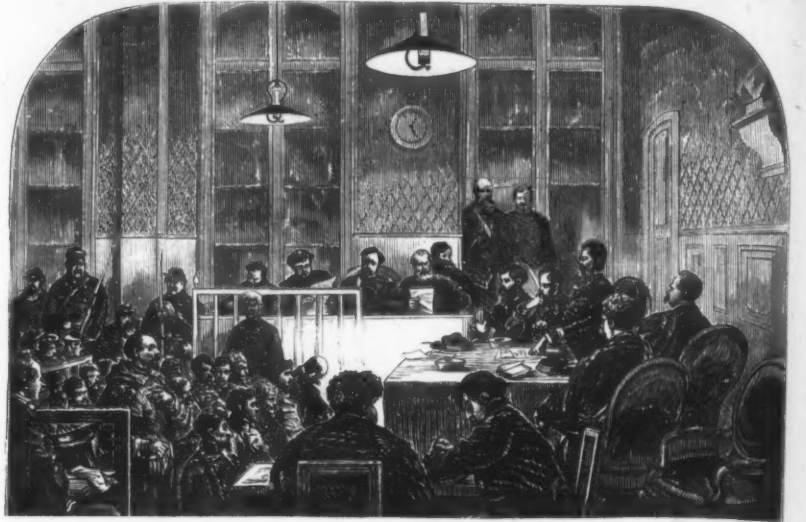
AT St. Petersburg the Italian operatic season commences on the 11th of October next, and ends the 27th of February following. Just as last year, there will be four separate subscriptions, each of twenty performances. The company will comprise the following artists: *Prime donne*, Madame Adelina Patti (for three months), Mesdames Lucca, Benza, Volpini (for a month each), Madame Artôt (for two months), and Madame Sinico; *prime donne contralti*, Madame Scalchi (for three months), Madame Trebelli (for one month); *primi tenori*, Signor Tambrilic or Nicolini (for two months), Signor Marini (for one month, and Signor A. Corsi; *primi baritoni*, M. Faure, Signor Cologni or Signor Graziani, Signor Rottland Padilla (for two months each); *primi bassi*, Signor Bagaglio and some other artist; *primi basso buffo*, Signor Ciampi or Signor Zucchini; conductor, Signor Arditi; principal stage-manager, Signor Merelli; stage-manager, Signor Ferrero.

THE Choral Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave a musical festival at the skating rink on Thursday evening, May 25th. The Union was assisted by the Jersey City Harmonic Society. Mr. P. S. Gilmore and Mr. Harvey Bodworth were conductors, and both these eminent musical conductors fully sustained their well-earned reputation. There was a full chorus, of five hundred voices and one hundred performers. Miss Kellogg was the soprano soloist, and in her rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer" and the solo parts of "The Star Spangled Banner" awakened a very demonstrative enthusiasm. The other soloists were: Miss Sarah E. Mundell, soprano; Miss Monica Newman, alto; Signor Randolf, tenor; Mr. Eugene Clarke, tenor; Herr F. Remmert, baritone; Mr. John Clark, basso. The programme included Verdi's grand scene from "Il Trovatore," introducing the Anvil Chorus. This was given with the full chorus, fifty anvils, and two full batteries of artillery. The fifty members of the Choral Union who took the anvil part were attired in red shirts and linen caps, and gave a picturesqueness to the scene that was very inspiring.

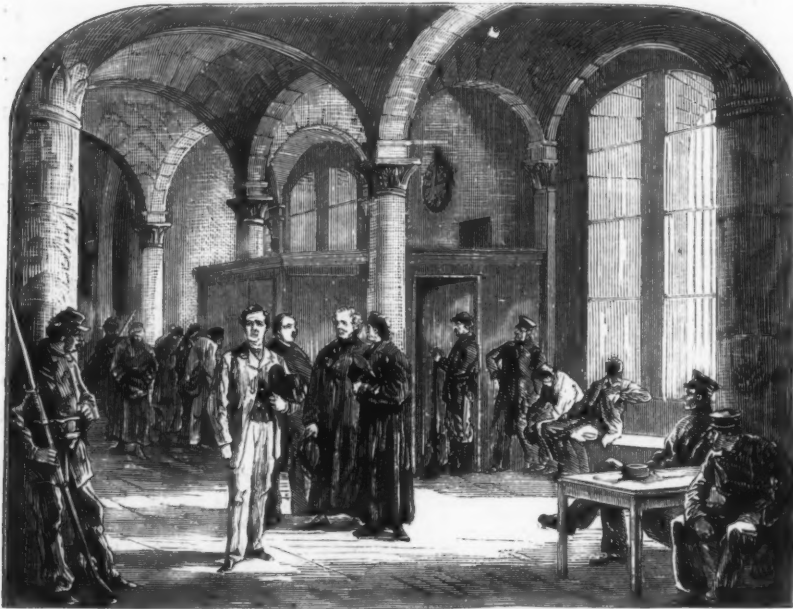
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—THE POST-OFFICE ESTABLISHED AT VERSAILLES, IN THE GALLERY OF VERNET'S BATTLE-PIECES.



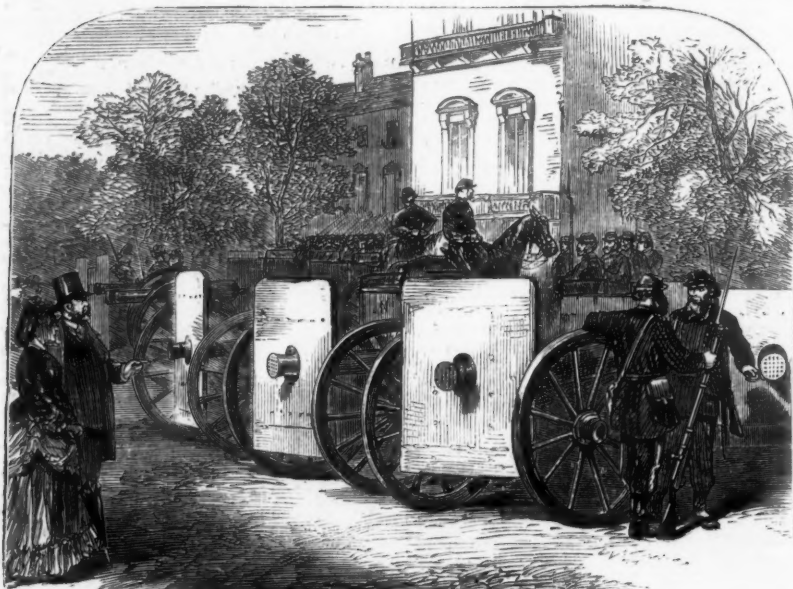
PARIS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE.—A COURT-MARTIAL FOR MILITARY INSUBORDINATION AND COWARDICE, APRIL 22D.



PARIS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE.—DETENTION OF PRIESTS AS HOSTAGES IN THE EX-PREFECTURE OF POLICE.



THE FRENCH SIEGE OF PARIS.—ADVANCED POST OF THE COMMUNISTS AT ISSY, ON THE SEINE.



THE FRENCH SIEGE OF PARIS.—MITRAILLEUSES WITH SHIELDS.



THE FRENCH SIEGE OF PARIS.—SELLING FRAGMENTS OF SHELLS IN THE AVENUE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES.

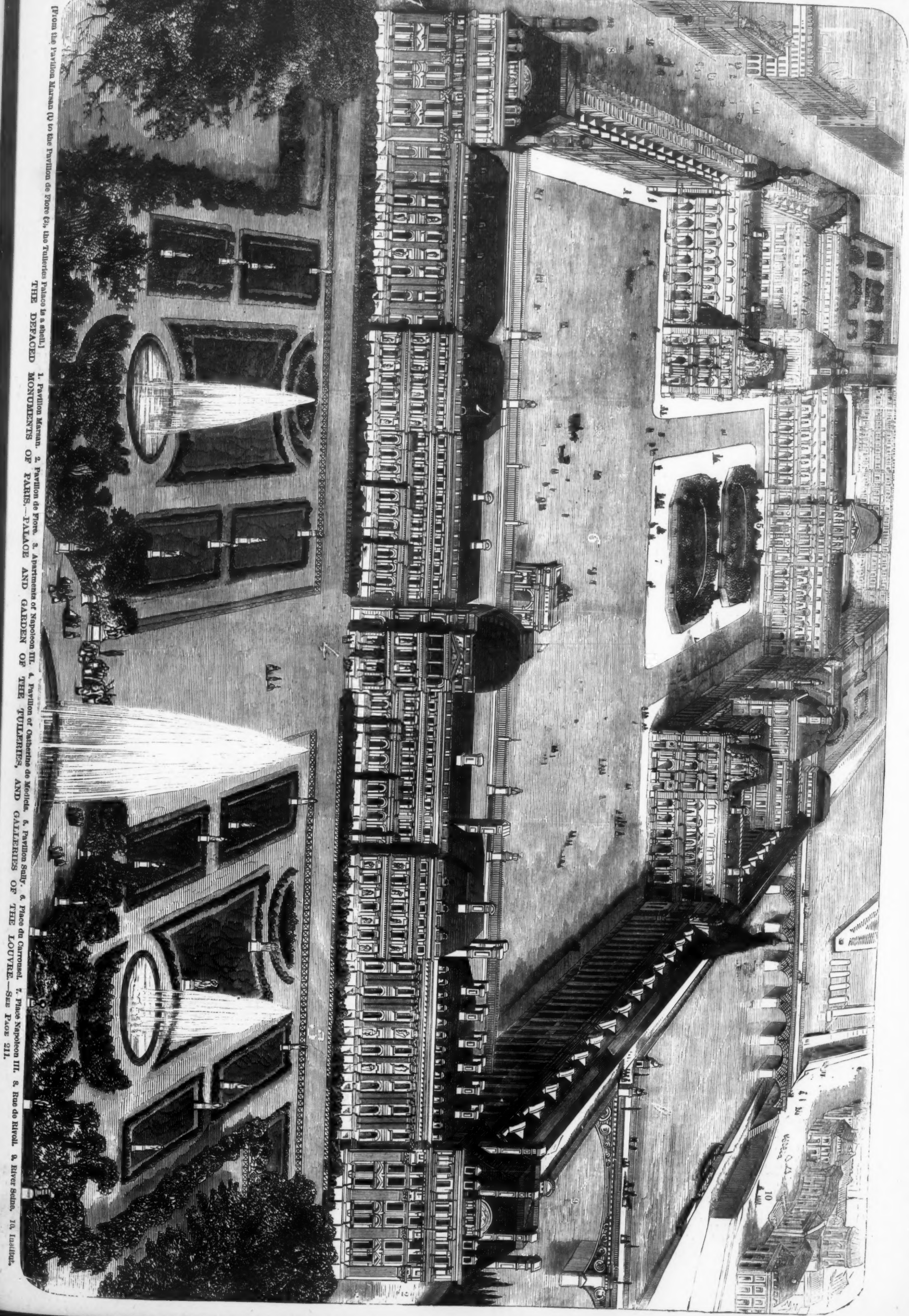


PARIS UNDER COMMUNIST RULE.—SUPPRESSION OF NEWSPAPERS.



THE FRENCH SIEGE OF PARIS.—A SHELL FROM MONT VALÉRIEN.

THE DEFAUCED MONUMENTS OF PARIS.—FALACE AND GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES, AND GALLERIES OF THE LOUVRE.—SEE PAGE 211.



From the Pavilion Marston (Q) to the Pavilion de Flore (C), the Tuileries Palace is a shell.
 THE DEPOSED MONUMENTS OF PARIS.—PALACE AND GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES, AND GALLERIES OF THE LOUVRE.—See Page 211.

JOHN JASPER'S SECRET.

BEING A NARRATIVE OF CERTAIN EVENTS
FOLLOWING AND EXPLAINING

"The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

CHAPTER VIII.—(continued).

Then followed a second act in that strange drama of curative shocks, of which the first took place immediately after the culminating moment of Neville's madness. The Known Worst is nothing to the Dreaded Unknown. "I cannot bear it," utters many a man, when the lash is descending and before it has touched the quivering flesh—many a man who, when the moment of actual agony comes, proves that he can bear nearly any torture devised by malevolent fate. David seemed to be moaning helplessly, while the life of the child that had cost him and the nation so much, hung trembling in the balance: it might have been expected that he would sink entirely in despair, forgetting all the blessings that still remained, when the servant came to him with the last formal announcement. But he rose up, then, girded himself, washed his face from the ashes that had fallen over it from the bowed head, and was a man again, with hopes, fears, duties, and a recognition of all.

So Neville Landless—far away in time as in position from the King of Israel, but heir like him to a nature that could better bear the Worst than the Dreaded,—after a moment of his pitying sister's embrace, went out of it, so to speak—put her arms gently from about him, rose from his chair, straightened the bowed shoulders with a gesture like that of throwing off a weight too long borne, and said, with a voice much firmer than had marked his utterance for many a preceding day,—

"Thank God that it is over! She never could have been mine, after what has already occurred; and yet I was weak enough to hope against hope. Now let her love and marry a good man, as she will; and I shall live to prove to her, and to you, sister, that a man, who has the true meaning of the word in him, may lose Love, and suffer Wrong, and almost reach Despair, and yet rise above all and do his Life-Work bravely. Do not think that I mean to boast, dear; there will be dark hours, and many of them; and you must forget your own sorrows, to help me through them. But I will try to burthen you as little as possible; and who knows but the day may come when I may even sustain you!"

"My brave, noble brother, now!" exclaimed Helena, with something like a cry of joy. "Sustain me? Why, you are worth fifty of poor me, already—the moment that you will. Not my brother only, now: my hero! Kiss me good night, and promise to believe in me, and allow me to have my own way for a little while longer, before you show me how strong you really are by becoming a tyrant. For 'Joe Gilfert' must run away, now, to change himself again into your brown berry of a sister, and then to put that berry in its basket that they call a 'bed,' though I wish it was a hammock, and swinging under a palm-tree out yonder in the quadrangle!"

CHAPTER IX.

MR. TOPE'S TRIBULATION.

MR. TOPE, vergor of Cloisterham Cathedral, is in trouble. Perhaps, in justice to his connection with an ecclesiastical edifice of remote antiquity, the severer form should be adopted, in speaking of his abnormal frame of mind—designating it as tribulation. Troubles, as no one could be more likely to understand than Mr. Tope himself, are vulgar—of the world, worldly. They may be suffered by the most ordinary of mortals, even down to the level of smock-frocks and hobnails. Tribulations have something clerically refined in their designation—something characterizing afflictions within the pale ecclesiastical, and even requiring a certain dignity within that pale, before they can be borne with propriety. Mr. Tope is severely within that pale; Mr. Tope has a certain dignity, not likely to be overlooked by those who fall into his hands; therefore Mr. Tope's discomforts shall not be troubles but tribulations.

As there are many more negatives than affirmatives in this unfortunate world, which many of us believe to have either sprung into existence wrong-end foremost, or been upheaved and misplaced by some rascally Archimedes who did find his lever—Mr. Tope's mental state may be more readily indicated by first mentioning what has not happened to disquiet him, than what has really tended to produce that effect.

Nothing has occurred during the summer to disturb Mr. Tope's proprietorship of the Cathedral—that proprietorship, unclaimed but well understood, in which all the other officials, from the Dean downwards, are mere subordinates, whatever high-sounding names they may assume—after the manner of London's famed historical Abbey, whereof only the uninitiated believe the tombs of the great to be the property of the nation, with the Dean and Chapter as virtual trustees; while the instructed thoroughly understand that the whole gray old pile, with all it contains, is the personal possession of the grave-faced and somewhat monotonous men with the black gowns and the sticks, especially of those with the sticks that are gilt-headed. After the manner, too, if one may descend so far into the domestic relation underlying the ecclesiastical and the historic, of certain private mansions of great elegance, and fitted with "all the modern improvements," whereof the governing powers are believed to be, by many thousands of ignorant outsiders (including the poor wretches who starvingly sing Christmas Carols under the windows, and look up to those windows for slow-descending pence), the grand persons who are at intervals seen riding out from those mansions, with much state of James and John, and who are not always seen paying the bills connected with that state—instead of the real masters being James and John aforesaid, with Thomas at the door of the butler's pantry, and various and sundry Williams, Josepha, Bettys, Susans, and Marys, in those more-secluded lower regions hidden from the eyes of permitted visitors.

Mr. Tope, to repeat the remark, has not been in any way dispossessed of his proprietorship in the Cathedral, and, reflectively, in the visitors who temporarily become his property, while meditatively strolling through the same, to be

warned from this, directed to that, impressed with the other, and stunnedly brought to a moral and physical standstill in the presence of yet another. He has enjoyed unlimited privilege of instructing, patronizing, correcting, historically informing, covertly sneering at, and occasionally badgering in a skilful way, not to mention depleting of foreign purses and adding correspondingly to his own modest store; for the season thus far has been a favourable one at the Cathedral (as might have been said of the same period at some watering-place). It has enjoyed actual plethora of visitors compared with other years—whether because more men have been growing old, and thus freshly anxious to visit and inspect something yet older than themselves, or because certain rumours and half-particulars getting about of the tragedy enacted there or in the neighbourhood last Christmas-eve, there has been a little scent of blood, so to speak, touching the human nostril at a distance, and attracting to the place. As an institution, Cloisterham Cathedral has never stood so enviably before the public eye as at this moment; and correspondingly Mr. Tope has never before enjoyed so wide as well as undisputed an absolute monarchy.

Nor has there been any failure in the succession of those "discoveries," without which any old religious house must eventually become more or less faded, and lacking brilliancy of attraction. Thanks to the pick and hammer of Durdles, never more recklessly employed, and never before so intelligently (for reasons which may at some future period develop themselves), the number of Old 'Una Unearthed, or more properly unlimed and unmoistened, has been unusually large and interesting. Not only have there been discoveries of three—two mitred abbots and a knight of the shire—less deficient than usual in the details of nose and fingers, in those closed niches of the choir and chancel where the careful seem to have hidden everything valuable, before the coming of the ubiquitous Cromwell and his hard-fisted Ironsides,—but older and more remarkable discoveries, not liable to the sneers of the Didymuses of non-ecclesiastical life, that they have been "put there, so that they could be dug out again, and make a new stir," older and more remarkable discoveries have been made, of those whose warlike fame may have dated back to the Crusades (judging from the mould and dilapidation of their effigies), in that narrow space between the outer and inner walls of the Cathedral, in the supplementary construction of which latter—a sort of ceiling—the worshippers of something less than an hundred years ago seem to have anticipated the modern professors of ventilation, and sacrificed space to sanitary considerations, in the way of guarding against the inevitable dampness of single walls. Oddly enough, the knowledge of such a supplementary construction is nearly a new thing in Cloisterham; and the merit of the discovery, made a few months before, would seem to be nearly equally divided between the Vergor and Durdles—the latter of whom made the first inroad with his hammer, after suspicious soundings and long speculations,—and the former of whom very soon after discovered an entry in the expense-book of the Cathedral, kept in the vestry, pointing to a time, late in the eighteenth century, when large amounts were paid out for that purpose, to stone-masons and labourers, in connection with other sums to carpenters for the supplying and laying of heavy timbers as the foundation for the then reconstructed roof. So that Cloisterham Cathedral has a slight new celebrity in that regard; though even the instructed visitor can do little else than stare at the supplementary wall, with the knowledge that compressed air, much darkness, and many rats, may exist behind it, repairs

his health an assured thing while he maintains his present habits of regular exercise and equable temper,—has a little thought as opportunity for removing the China Shepherdes and himself from the pleasant air of Cloisterham, during the absence of the Dean—even if the two difficulties did not exist, of packing china so as to be removed with safety, and of carrying along to any chosen resort, two closets and their contents, held equally indispensable. So the dignity of the Minor Canon is by no means diminished by the temporary removal of the greater light; nor is that of Mr. Tope, who, perhaps, loses certain opportunities of conciliatory and deprecatory action (laughter at very mild witticisms included), but who certainly gains in the new necessity of so carefully arranging words that may be good enough for any lower member of the church polity, but will scarcely do without revival, before the Dean. So that the absence of His Reverence can scarcely be the grievance entitling the worthy Vergor to quarter the painful arms of Tribulation.

Nor has Mr. Tope met with domestic or pecuniary affliction calculated to disturb his equanimity. Mrs. Tope is buxom and active as of old, managing her somewhat extended household (divided, though not in the worst sense) with the skill of thrift and experience. Mr. Jasper (over whose failing health she worries in her mild way) necessarily still retains her services as purveyor and attendant; and Mr. Datchery seems so attached to the picturesque inconvenience of Cloisterham, that he has retained the lodgings so long window-billed and unlet, paying his weekly liabilities with that regularity indicative of a buffer whose means are certain, if not liberal. Once more the Mordecai sitting in Mr. Tope's gate fails to be discovered, and another effort is necessary to decypher that personality.

Perhaps, after all, the oppressed Vergor himself may be the proper person to whom to appeal for information; and he may be allowed to detail that grievance, grown to the solemnity of a tribulation, in a conversation with Mr. Crisparkle, occurring at that period when the Unpleasant has simply become the Unendurable.

The Minor Canon is in conversation with his mother over an egg and a muffin, at that hour in the summer morning when the most golden of all lights touches the roofs and chimneys visible across the Close from Minor Canon Corner; and when the birds, not yet done with the duties of the season, though a little sobered from their exuberant voice and action of spring, are trying to decide in their own favour the vexed question whether flower-incense or bird-music best typifies the blest celestial influences of which they seem to form a part. It is early; not so early, however, but that Mr. Crisparkle has enjoyed his header in the bright water in the vicinity of the Weir, and his brisk walk homeward afterwards; so that all the cheery and hopeful tendencies of his nature are in full play as he chips the shell of his egg, inhales the fragrance of his Hyson (one of his few unhealthy weaknesses—the green being always coppery, and poisonous, and inferior to the black on the score of hygiene—as any old woman can demonstrate), and looks at the browned muffin with some doubt whether it does not intend to exhale before he can come to it, in an aroma of wheat fields and the dairy.

The China Shepherdes is not quite so cheery: as how could she be? seeing that a single adoption of the morning practices, which have so invigorated her darling Sept, would unquestionably put her beyond the remedial powers of the closet on the upper stair. And she is disposed, in her own quiet way, to tone down the spirits, to say the least, of that beloved son, who may be quite as dear to her, for all we know to the contrary, as an object on which to exercise her

you are really going, either day, I do not know any difference."

Mr. Crisparkle pauses a moment, with a second spoonful of egg half-way to his mouth, before he asks, with a shade of surprise in his tone,—

"Ma, dear, do you know that there is something in your manner of speaking, though possibly you may not be aware of it—leading to the idea that you would rather I should not go to town at all—at present?"

"Is there, Sept, dear?" the shepherdes replies, her dear old eyes all meekness and innocent cunning. "Why, how odd! as if I could have any objection to my son, the Canon, going where he pleased!"

The Reverend Septimus Crisparkle feels that this is uncoincidence, not to say a subterfuge, on the part of his parent; and he is one of those straightforward men in whom the emotional has never conquered the rational—going at once to an end which he sees before him. So he sets down the egg-cup, lays down the spoon, wipes his well-formed lips very carefully on the napkin at the edge of his plate, then rises, goes round the table behind the lady of the celestial cognomen (who of course sees nothing of all this preparation), catches her head between both hands, and draws it back, so that he can kiss her, in a sort of boyish and upside-down fashion, without any serious disarrangement of the becoming head-gear.

"There! and there! and there!" he says, between the affectionate salutations. "I thought that there was something I had forgotten this morning, and now I have it. I had only kissed you once, and do not remember that you kissed me back at all. Stop, please—do not attempt pulling away, for you know that would be of no use. I do not intend to release my naughty child until she behaves better, and tells me what is the real reason for her not wishing me to go to town, either to-day or to-morrow."

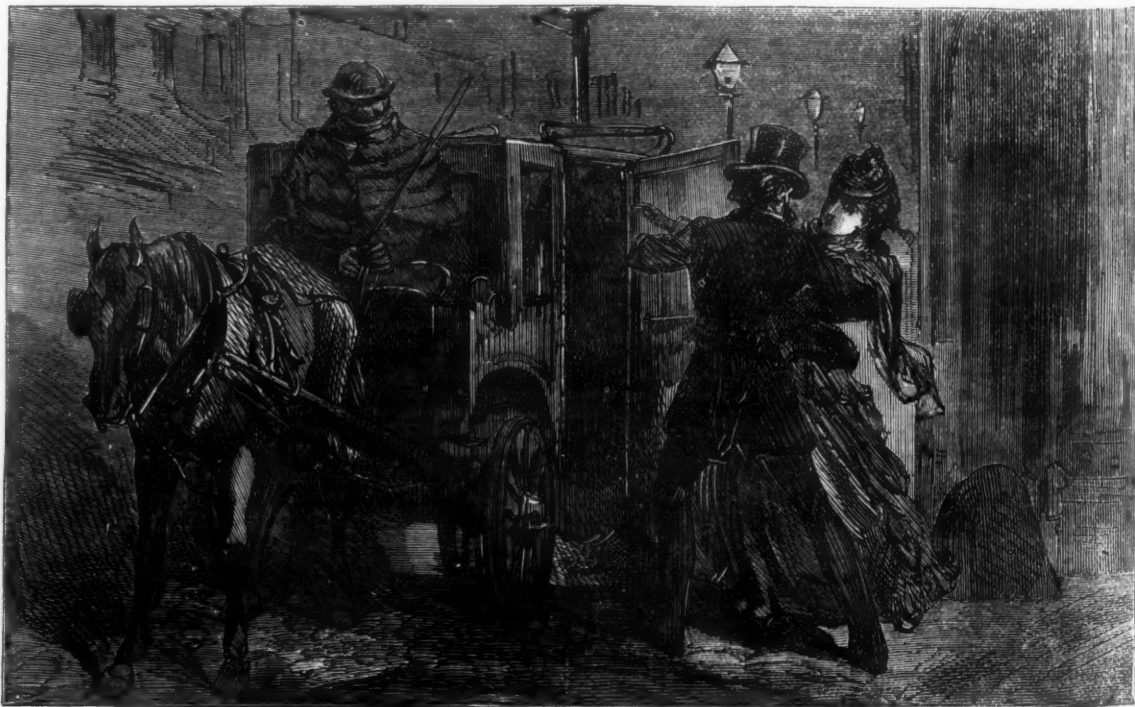
"Sept, dear, you are very rude,—very rude indeed! My cap will look a fright—I know it!" replies the assaulted mother, very proud and happy in her son, in spite of that indefensible violence. "There!" with two or three return kisses, soft, gentle, and apparently from lips as unwithered as when they were laid, dewy rose-leaves, on the brow of her boy, when a boy indeed—"there! Now go back to your chair, and your breakfast, like a good Sept, and I will tell you what I mean, if you must know."

"I must know, ma, dear, for the Dean is gone, and I am the highest ecclesiastical authority in Cloisterham, at the present moment," replies the clergyman, pleasantly obeying the maternal injunction, and extending it by attacking the muffin, which has taken the opportunity to cool from its late overheating.

"Every time that you go to town, Sept, my dear, you call upon that unfortunate young man, whom you will persist in designating as your 'pupil,' though he is nothing of the kind. I think I am right: I do not recollect your coming back, without making some remark with reference to him or his studies."

"Well, ma! is there anything extraordinary in that?" queries the Minor Canon, as she pauses. "I know that you had very serious objections to the young man, last winter, at the time when the unfortunate circumstance of poor young Drood occurred; but I had no idea that you held the same objection to him now that he is out of your sight, and at such a distance. Do you believe that he can corrupt or contaminate me in any way, even if the worst of the suspicions against him should be true, as I am quite confident as ever that they are not?"

There is a little additional flush of red on that portion of divine pottery forming the cheek of the China Shepherdes, as its owner replied, after a moment, lying back in her chair with a grace



CARRIED AWAY.

to the invaded wall having been as many and immediate as the openings.

Nor is Mr. Tope rendered unutterably wretched by the temporary absence of the Dean. His Reverence, born near the sea-coast, and naturally anxious for his native air at enervating periods—the latter end of summer, to wit—has betaken himself, his comely gaiters, his mild manner of repetition, Mrs. Dean, his personal foot-bath, and other appurtenances and belongings, easily movable, to one of the quiet seaside resorts of the east coast, where he has already preached twice in the Chapel-of-ease, smoothed down the tone of society, and become a welcome feature. Mr. Crisparkle, his sea-side resort lying no farther away than the river, and

waning parental authority and mild captiousness, as for any and all other reasons together.

"Must you positively go to town to-day?" she asks, after a slight pause, which has only been broken by the delicate metallic sound of the chipping of the egg.

"Scarcely must, in the absolute sense, ma, dear," the Minor Canon replies, taking a spoonful of the egg with much evident enjoyment. "Only that I think I had better go to-day, as I do not know of anything to prevent. Is there any reason why you wish me to remain?—anything I can do for you, if I defer going until to-morrow?"

"No, Sept," she answers, sipping her tea; "if

shaming that of the young, and making no pretence at emulating her son, and continuing the breakfast with the conversation:—

"I do not like the young man, Sept, my dear, as you know. I do not see how I have had any cause to change my unfavourable opinion. He had a terrible temper: that even you must admit; indeed, I have heard you speak of it quite freely, and with reprobation."

"Yes, ma, he had a most violent temper; but I hope and believe that we have seen the worst of that," interpolated Mr. Crisparkle, with his utterance not at the moment clear enough for the sacred desk, owing to the presence of the muffin.

"I am sure that I hope so, Sept—very sure that I hope so," the old lady goes on. "We

should not only work for, but hope for, every reformation in the characters of those who—give us any cause to fear for their future, either on their own behalf or that of others. Still, I am not likely to be highly pleased with the young man, I think; and I must tell you candidly, my dear son, that I am not likely to be better pleased with his sister."

The Reverend Septimus Crisparkle is a man in whom all the faculties are held under good control—those of the body as well as the mind; but the slight flush on the face of his mother is nothing to the blazing red which at the moment invades his whole countenance, coming up with the suddenness of the Aurora flaming over the northern sky, and only reaching its zenith beneath the roots of his hair. No school-boy, detected in one of the high crimes or misdemeanours of juvenility, could more ingeniously supply evidence against himself at the moment of accusation.

He is aware of the inglorious fact—as no man can very well be ignorant where a stream of hot blood plays up and down his face with the force of a torrent! And the China Shepherdess is aware of the triumphant fact, even though her eyes may not be so young or so keen as they were five-and-forty years ago. She is almost sorry that she has spoken, seeing the effect produced, and possibly misapprehending its meaning, to the extent common with the keenest-eyed mothers (not to mention the fathers) of any age; and he—But he is, as he lately remarked, the highest ecclesiastical authority in Cloisterham, in the absence of the Dean; and he may well be allowed to answer for his own sensations.

"I understand you, ma, dear," he says, after a moment, when the hot blood has flowed back a little towards the heart, temporarily deserted, and when his utterance, for the time embarrassed, has again become clear. "I understand you, from your emphasis, without your saying another word! I believe that in my visits to Neville Landless I am in the habit of meeting his sister?"

"Yes, Sept, dear, I do believe so."

"You go farther, ma—you believe that I seek such meetings quite as eagerly and anxiously as those with her brother?"

"I do, Sept, dear; I do."

"You believe, ma—for you see that I must put your suspicions in plain words—that I am in love with Helena Landless?"

The mother pauses a moment looking, as close as age will permit, into the eyes of her son. Then she answers, almost as concisely as she has before answered the other questions:—

"Yes, Sept, dear; I am sorry to believe so, but I do."

The Minor Canon has ended his breakfast, now; though there stands a neglected egg in the second egg-cup, and he has only finished a single dish of tea. There are such things as ohokings in the throat, during the reign of which there is not much more chance of swallowing than of enjoying after deglutition; and the clergyman has come to one of those periods—happily for health and digestion, very rare with him. He leans back in his chair, as his mother is still doing, and addresses her with much calmness and gravity, and without any suspicion in the face of the late flush:—

"Ma, dear," he says; "you have just placed me in a strange position for a grown man of my years; and in doing so you have made it necessary for me to say a few words that might never have been said under other circumstances. Do not interrupt me, please, while I say them; and do not think that you know all, at any moment, until I have quite done."

"Sept, dear, have I given you pain? If so, forgive me; for what I said, I said for the best, and I will never again refer to the subject, if you do not wish."

The mother's face is very tender and anxious, now. It may be very set, in its own ways and fancies, sometimes, but it is a dear old face, full of a true mother's love, after all! And for that something may be forgiven, as well as much for Mary!

"No, ma, dear," the Minor Canon replies. "Do not make any apologies, whatever you may have driven me to say. It is best that it should be so. I have never had a secret from you before, and this shall be one no longer. You are equally right and wrong. I seldom, almost never, meet Miss Landless when I call upon her brother; so that she has nothing whatever to do with my visits to town. So much for that. Now for the next. I love Helena Landless, with all the heart that I can allow myself to hold for any earthly object; or, rather, I should say, perhaps, that I did love her with that intensity—for the passion, please God, is under my feet, after a long struggle, and it will never rise to trouble me again, unless I grow weaker than I believe. You saw the red flush on my face: it was not that of shame—only one of sudden agitation and surprise."

"You must let me interrupt you so much, Sept, dear," the mother says, "I knew it was surprise, not shame, on the face of my dear son."

"Thank you, ma, dear; though I might have known so much. I have only to tell you, further, that I more love and admire Miss Landless, both in person and character, than I have words to express—more than any other person whom I have ever seen. And then I have to add, what my words may already have conveyed—that she does not know of what I may call my past regard for her, and will never know; that we will never be more to each other than we are to-day; and that I only ask one favour of you, with reference to her, never to speak of her, or if you do so at all, only in terms of that respect which is the cue of a noble woman."

The Minor Canon ceases; the mother, almost stricken dumb by this avowal, and by the feeling that it is for her son she has made such a renunciation, reverses the action of a few moments before, rises from her chair, comes round behind him, throws the dear old arms about his neck, and kisses him repeatedly, while her words are a loving murmur of admiration and (yes, let the practical truth be added!) gratification—such as the possessor of the costly new bracelet does feel in the ownership of that desired ornament, in addition to any unselfish love for the donor.

"My dear Sept! my good, thoughtful son! can you ever forgive your poor old mother for the pain she has caused you? and can she ever repay you for the sacrifices you have made for her?"

Mr. Crisparkle is very nearly himself again, already—very nearly his own bright, cheery self,

oblivious of personal discomfort and on the alert for any duty or any employment promising a new and harmless sensation. He kisses his mother again, with almost the same effusion she herself exhibits, then clears himself from the entangling arms by a little gentle force, setting the China Shepherdess safely in the middle of the floor by the act, and asks, pulling out his watch with habitual vivacity:—

"May I go to London, now, ma, dear? Yes? Then I shall not have much more than time enough to catch the half-past ten train. Here is my coat—reach me my hat, there, like a good old darling, as you are, and so away we go. Good-bye, until I return."

He assumes the hat with a haste which seems unclerical, but which never has the effect of making him untidy, throws on the coat with corresponding speed, grasps his umbrella, gives the parting kiss to his mother, and is out of the door and into the temporarily bright sunlight of Minor Canon Corner, all within the space of less than a minute.

Where he is confronted by Mr. Tope, whose customary black, no darker than his own, would not be likely to affect the general appearance of the whole Cathedral vicinity, but whose face, heavy, downcast and discouraged-looking, with a *soupcion* of that expression graphically designated as "injured innocence," certainly does produce a darkening effect on the whole cluster of surroundings.

"Good morning, Mr. Crisparkle. Proud to see you looking so well, sir."

(Mr. Tope does not look as if "proud" of anything; but his word must be taken—at least with the "not-at-homes" and "pleased-to-sees" of polite society.)

"Ah, Tope—good morning. But you are scarcely looking your best—are you, Tope?" (Mr. Crisparkle has just emerged from a severe exercise of candour, and is still quite under the influence of the action). "Ill in any way—I hope not. The weather is certainly oppressive—at least I hear some, who feel it more than myself, saying so. Anything from the Dean, Tope?"

Mr. Crisparkle says all this briskly and a little hurriedly, as one who has not many minutes left in which to catch the ten-thirty train; and his motion is towards the High Street, where he will be obliged to make a long leg, now, or forfeit an omnibus sumpence.

"No—nothing from His Reverence, sir, since day before yesterday," answers Mr. Tope. "He was very well, then, as you know. As for myself—you were good enough to inquire about me—I am not sick, thank you; but I am that worried, Mr. Crisparkle."

"Worried? I am sorry, Tope. But you must excuse me if I hurry away. I am going to catch the train."

"The train? Oh, certainly, sir. Excuse my stopping you; and what I have to say to you—" "Oh, you had something to say to me? What say, then, to walking with me to the station? Not far, and splendid exercise. Come, the walk will do you good; and you can say what you wish as we go easily along."

Mr. Tope is "in for it," and quite aware of the fact. The steady and unlaboured stride of the Minor Canon is a proverb about Cloisterham, where few men take their constitutional with the same regularity, and where possibly there are few of the same vigorous natural constitution, unimpaired by the least mental or bodily excess. The Verger's tendencies, though he is by no means a plethoric man, are towards moderate motion, with many pauses, as becomes one in the habit of making very slow tours about the Cathedral, putting in a perambulatory comma at short intervals, and a semicolon, or even a colon, at no considerable distances apart. He is, however, as already said, in for accompanying the rapid walker, at whatever peril to his breathing apparatus; and he submits with what grace he may. The brief conversation following, as the two measure their way down the High-street towards and over the bridge at a rate indicating that they are scandalizing the Cathedral town by walking for a wager, is consequently somewhat interjectory in its character; and that part of it contributed by the Verger may be said to lack full breath at intervals—of course, without the least suspicion on the part of the Minor Canon that he is proceeding at a rate to distress a mere invalid.

"Now then, Tope, what is the subject of your worry? Out with it, man, or we shall be at the station before you have concluded, if the matter is at all important. Anything wrong about the Cathedral, Tope?"

"Not about the Cathedral, Mr. Crisparkle; and yet I am not that sure but it has some connection with it. Have you noticed, sir, that Durdles is drunk less of the time than usual of late?"

"Humph! why certainly, Tope; you do not consider that a matter to worry about, do you? I could bear it, I think, if he should remain sober all the time; and so should you do, if you have not grown to consider him a part of the Cathedral, to be exhibited slyly to visitors, and the more tipsy the better. Perhaps Durdles may be following a little more closely than before that 'work of art' about which you and I know so well. Why not?"

"It is not Durdles being soberer than he used to be as makes me think that there is something wrong, sir," puffs the Verger, already beginning to labour in wind at the rate of climbing a long stair, "but his having more money than he seems to earn—gold, sometimes, as has been seen at the Queen's Head, and being in the employment, evidently, of persons that nobody in Cloisterham knows nothing about."

"Knows anything about, you probably mean, Tope," corrects the clergyman, momentarily forgetting the absence of the Dean, for whose delicate ears the lingual roughness of the Verger are principally smoothed. "But who gives Durdles money that he does not earn?—and what stranger employs him in a way to make you uncomfortable?"

"You know my lodger, Mr. Datchery, sir," Mr. Tope rather asserts than asks.

"Mr. Datchery—yes, I have seen him, several times," Mr. Crisparkle assents. "A pleasant, odd sort of person, so far as I have observed—quite a regular attendant at service, and with a droll practice—has he not?—of going into the street without his hat, as if he had once been in the habit of living in bare-headed Ireland?"

"The same, sir," puffs Mr. Tope, "though you may not have observed quite so much of him as others. There is nobody in Cloisterham as knows

anything about him, and he strikes me all of a heap, sometimes, acting that suspicious—"

"Pays for his room, and—his other bills, does he not, Tope? If not, why keep him?" interrupts the Minor Canon, talking as he is walking, quite at his ease.

"Oh, yes, excellent pay, sir; but that isn't what is so suspicious. You must know, sir, that as the lodgings are mine—that is, Mrs. Tope's, and immediately below where we live ourselves—"

"You enjoy excellent opportunities for knowing what he does: in fact, keep a little delicate observation over him—what some persons would call 'peeping' in a moderate degree!"

Mr. Crisparkle is kind enough to complete the sentence, which seems to lack breath of itself.

"Not 'peeping,' exactly, sir," answers the Verger, his breath recovered by the relief, but evidently not flattered by the mode in which it has been supplied, "only observing of things as cannot very well have the go-by."

"Umph! well?" assents Mr. Crisparkle.

"Now, what I put that and that together, and make out that something is going on in Cloisterham, as the Dean and Chapter ought to know, and don't—is that Durdles and this Mr. Datchery is thick as two thieves."

"A rather coarse simile, and not a very charitable one: I would not use it, Tope—at least I would not at any time when the Dean happened to be present."

Mr. Crisparkle again corrects, having breath to spare, and falling again into the old habit.

"Well, sir, under correction," Mr. Tope tries to assume the dignified—not to say the injured, but with moderate success, from the lack of force to throw out the words with the proper readiness, "it stands to reason that a man living on his means, like Mr. Datchery, as must have means to live on 'em, wouldn't take up for company, with such riff-raff as Durdles—"

"Riff-raff—an inelegant phrase always, Tope, besides being a collective noun, when used, and so implying more than one—I would not use it for Durdles alone, who is only one, unless you include his bundle," again pleasantly corrects Mr. Crisparkle.

"That he wouldn't take up with such as Durdles, and have him with him for hours on hours, whether drinking or not, or doing worse, nobody can say—not to mention giving him money that free—if there wasn't something between 'em as is dangerous."

Mr. Tope, ignoring the last interruption, manages this long sentence with much dexterity—really seems to be getting what the athletes call his "second wind."

"And does he do so, Tope? I mean, does he do so to your own personal knowledge, or do you only speak from a certain suspicion, founded on knowledge of Durdles and dislike of Mr. Datchery?" asks the Minor Canon, with more show of absolute interest than he has before displayed since the commencement.

"They are together that frequent, Mr. Crisparkle, and that sly, that the Dean and Chapter ought to know it, before the worst comes to the worst," Mr. Tope asserts, strongly and conclusively. "And at night—I wouldn't believe it, sir, if I hadn't heard it with my own ears—but Durdles has been in Mr. Datchery's room, up to past midnight, a matter of three hours at a time, and they a-talking, talking, talking, all the time, as if there was a plot to burn down the town, or do something to—"

"The Cathedral," Mr. Crisparkle kindly concludes this sentence, which is again a little labouring for breath.

"Yes, sir, the Cathedral, which cannot be too much thought of, in my opinion," supplements Mr. Tope, with real dignity, and again recruited wind.

"Of course not, Tope; the Cathedral cannot be too much thought of. And there may be a mystery here, as you say. I am glad that you have told me, though I do not think that there is any great cause for anxiety. If I was you, Tope, I would not say anything of this to any one else, except Mrs. Tope—of course except Mrs. Tope. I will speak of it to the Dean, when I see him; and I scarcely believe that they can do any serious damage to the town before His Reverence returns. Thank you very much for your confidence, Tope. By the way, how is Mr. Jasper for the last twenty-four hours I have not seen him; and I am sure that he has not been looking well of late."

"Mr. Jasper was quite well, sir, last night; and he went out early this morning. Possibly he may have gone to town already."

"Ah! Happy to hear that he is so well. But here we are, Tope, and I must bid you good morning. So much pleased to have had your company, and hope that the little walk has done you good."

Mr. Crisparkle, who has caught something vindictive in the hiss of the steam from the engine-pipe—as if that harnessed motive-power had borne the restraint nearly as long as it intends to do, and is about to go off independently, if no one is ready to accompany. Mr. Crisparkle, not frequently enough a traveller to require a season-ticket, takes a header into the booking-office only less pronounced than his late one into the river, and emerges thence, in an inconceivably short space of time for a man who has forced out a ticket through the small hole in the interim. He comes out; not too soon, however—just in time to spring into a carriage commencing to move, without subjecting himself to the penalties of the forty-shillings rule, which the Boxing Compass Railway Company, naturally jealous of the forms of carrying out any homicidal rights in it inherent, rigidly enforces against all offenders who presume to peril their lives out of due course.

Mr. Tope, remembering that he is away from the Cathedral, and therefore at liberty to unbend, is leaning against a post of the station, without the least pretence at dignity, recovering his full breath after his late exhausting performance on the field of Captain Barclay, and feeling less oppressed with his tribulation, now that he has made the Dean and Chapter prospective sharers in it.

The Minor Canon, recovering no breath whatever, and only in the pleasant glow of a man who has taken the briefest of morning walks at a brisk pace—indeed, momentarily humming a bit of refrain, as if to show how little breathed

he is—leans back in his seat as the train rolls away, and muses for a moment on the oddity of the white-headed man, oblivious of his hat, and the folly of Tope's story, which is likely to have no better foundation than some one of the freaks of that oddity. But this reflection fades away: the late conversation over the breakfast-table is not one to be forgotten in half an hour. And somehow there grows and assumes shape, on the seat opposite to him, the pliant and graceful figure of a woman—young, tawny, Oriental—with dusky brown eyes that seem capable of infinite love, as well as infinite fierceness, and sweet firm lips that have once been laid on a hand which has never forgotten the pressure, or lost the pleasant warmth on one favoured spot. And across the whole figure—blurred in indistinct lines of soft light, like a phosphorescence—he reads one single fateful word, (and bows his head thereto with a thought of silent prayer for that strength not to be found on the path or in the river): "LOST!"

CHAPTER X.

CARRIED AWAY.

ROSA has occasion, one afternoon, for some of those small indispensable of the female work-table, more intricate and foreign to the coarse male mind than ever were the famed Eleusinian mysteries to those outside the pale of that especial worship. Something—who may guess what?—has gone astray with the spoils, the skins, the dainty bits with which the still daintier little fingers busy themselves, during so many hours that cannot be devoted to intellectual occupations even of the lightest form. Something is missing, without which life would become temporarily a burthen, and the sending for which, by a domestic, would almost inevitably result in the bringing home of articles bearing the same relation to the actual things needed that the ceremonious delivery of, say a prize turkey, or six brace of partridges, would bear to the reception of the pet canary carefully ordered. Result, Rosa has no choice but to exhibit the pretty school-girlish form and habit in the streets, by going out personally on the all-important errand.

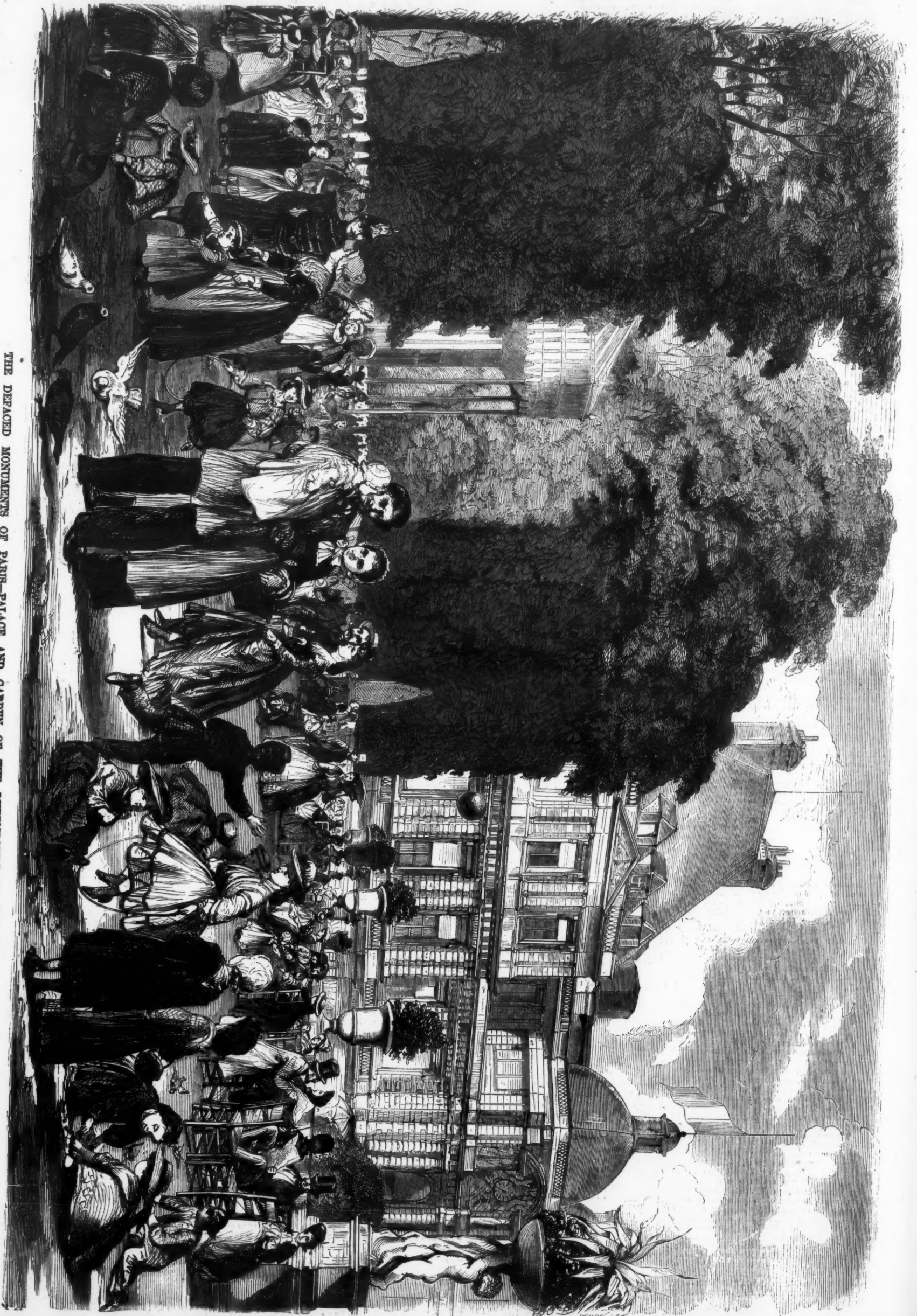
It is approaching evening; but the summer twilight is still long, though the extreme after-glow of June is some weeks gone by. Rosa (once away from Cloisterham and a certain fear connected with that place of mystery) has still remaining a little of the school-girl fancy for freedom and unaccompanied wandering; and she does not ask Miss Twinkleton, as she might so properly do, to lay aside the crochets out of which some wonderful monster in coarse worsteds is arising to torture an unfortunate chair, and accompany her on her quest that will only occupy half an hour.

So Rosebud goes out alone, very little before the evening lamps are lighted—down the little distance into Holborn, and thence eastward towards the shop of that fortunate draper who has succeeded in securing the Appointment to supply small-wares to this peculiar Small Majesty. Oddly enough, as she trips, she pays little attention to her actual surroundings, and does not even speculate at length on the purchases which it may be proper to make when arrived at Bolding's—being engaged, mentally, on one of those longer and more important tours which Youth and Love sometimes go out to make, together, assuming the length of a voyage, and altogether independent of bad carriages and cabins, mixed connections, railway accidents, storms and wrecks at sea, and all the other thousand-and-one disagreeables which beset travellers by the usual humdrum earthly modes. She has—dear little atom of inornate girlhood!—just now a companion whose bodily presence is not visible to the passers on the streets: indeed, she is only dreamily conscious, herself, of his accompanying her; but she floats, and sails, and skims many millions of miles with him, over the sea and the mountains of Fancy-Land, and only comes down to the lower earth when a baker's small boy, with a belated board of steaming and fragrant edibles, nearly knocks off her mite of bonnet, and clumsily apologises for the accident which her own abstraction has principally occasioned.

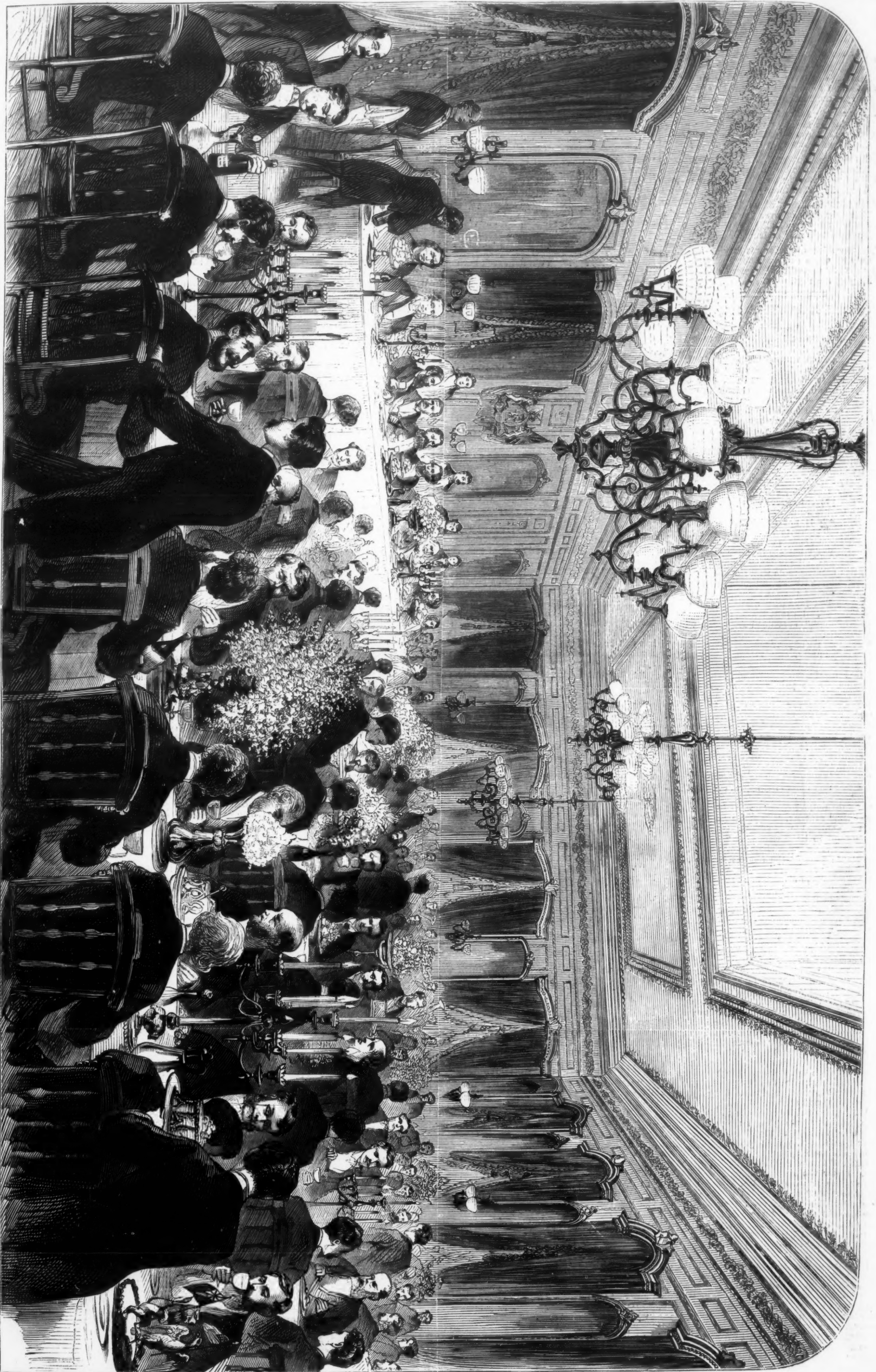
Thereafter she is a shade more cognizant of the earth, the bipeds crawling upon it, and the clumsy erections with which builders have disfigured while they fancied that they were ornamenting it. She goes on quite steadily, now—manages to cross the street, between four cabs going in four different directions, with an impunity which a bulkier person than the little beam of light might fail in finding;—and soon thereafter is dispensing delight and trouble throughout the whole domain of small-ware-dom. Three shopmen wait upon her, under helpless but happy protest, to the neglect of other and more important customers (amounts of purchase considered); spoons roll towards her, on the counter, with an apparent desire of forcing themselves into her infinitesimal reticula, to the no small danger of her being arrested, on going out, for a very cheap species of shop-lifting; light goods get into hopeless tangles and snarls of unrolled condition, for the same or similar causes; and when at last she trips out of the draper's with a few ounces added to the weight of her reticula, and a shilling or two correspondingly subtracted from the avoidupois of a purse which might have been made by the skilled artificers of Lilliput—then the draper and all his assistants draw long sighs of mingled regret and relief, and the business of the establishment once more resumes its natural conditions.

It is nearly dusk when the purchaser, thus heavily burthened, recrosses the street, and returns up the north side of Holborn, past Furnival's and Holborn Bars. Nearly dusk, but the lamps are now alight, and for all practical purposes it is broad day. She must hurry home, however, for her promised half-hour is already overstayd, and there may be worry on account of her. Hurry home, of course—but, ah, how beautiful are those pictures in the shop-front, and is there any charm remaining to us from childhood, so potent as that of looking in at the pictorial windows?—possessing, for the time, all the graces and wonders in form and scenery there displayed, without the cost of purchase, or the difficulty of knowing what to do with the coveted gems if in actual ownership!

(To be continued.)



THE DEFACED MONUMENTS OF PARIS—PALACE AND GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—SEE PAGE 211.



NEW YORK CITY.—FAREWELL BANQUET GIVEN BY HON. CYRUS W. FIELD TO THE BRITISH COMMISSIONERS, AT DELMONTEO'S, MAY 23d.—SEE PAGE 203.

THE BIRDS.

ONE day, in the bluest of Summer weather,
Lying under a whispering oak,
I heard five linnets laughing together
Over some ornithological joke.

What the fun was, I couldn't discover—
Language of birds is a riddle on earth:
What could they find in chickweed and clover
To split their sides with such musical mirth?

Was it some prank of the prodigal Summer—
Face in the cloud or voice in the breeze—
Querulous sparrow—woodpecker drummer—
Cawing of crows high over the trees?

Still they flew tipsily, shaking all over,
Bubbling with jollity, brimful of glee—
While I sat listening deep in the clover
Wondering what their jargon could be.

'Twas but the voice of a morning the brightest
That ever dawned over yon shadowy hills;
'Twas but the song of all joy that is lightest—
Sunshine breaking in laughter and trills.

Vain to conjecture the words they are singing,
Only by tones can we follow the tune;
In the full heart of the Summer-fields ringing,
Ringing the rhythmical gladness of June!

COPHETUA THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"So—SPICED at last, old fellow?" said I, shaking hands heartily with my friend Augustus Meadfoot, whom I met in Pall Mall.

"I am 'spiced,' as you say," replied Augustus, rather stiffly; "but Jack, dear boy, I wish you would be a little choicer in expression. Spicing—not to mention that it conveys the idea of some species of repair, of which, I do assure you, neither my wife nor myself stand in the slightest need—is too familiar. Marriage, Milford, independent of its exalted duties and soul-stirring responsibilities, is a solemn, a majestic thing."

"I believe you—" I fear I was about to add, "my boy." Luckily, I didn't, but added: "My dear Meadfoot, call it as we will, it is plain the process agrees with you. You look radiant."

"My lustre is not fictitious," replied Mr. Meadfoot. "There is nothing, as you know, Jack, artificial about me. I am the happiest man out. I will not say that my Alice is, like her namesake, all my fancy painted her, for fancy had nothing to do with the matter. I always felt that the mawkish booby, jilted by Miss Grey, was served perfectly right, for falling in what he called love with a girl he had never seen. No, no. I came, I saw, and—ahem!—was conquered," concluded Augustus, with a candid smile.

"You told me of your purpose, but never the young lady's name. Am I acquainted with her family?"

"I—I am inclined to think not," replied Augustus. "Do you know Spuddington-le-Street?"

"The Lestreets of Ruthyn Castle?"

"No, of North Lincolnshire. Spuddington-le-Street is the nearest village to Spuddington-the-Less, which has only three cottages and a beer-shop, and is as sweet and primitive a little settlement as any of which rural England can boast."

"There is a commendable absence of brag, in the fact that it does not appear even in Bradshaw."

"It does not. I discovered it in an ancient road-book," said Mr. Meadfoot, "which constituted the entire library of a little inn at which I happened to be storm-staid. The directions for finding it were sufficiently complicated and obscure to awaken the highest interest. On the following morning, carrying with me three days' provisions, I set forth and found it. I was rewarded."

Augustus paused, as if lost in happy recollections. After a few moments, finding he did not speak, I recommenced the conversation.

"You encountered Miss—Miss—"

"Shortcake, there," replied Meadfoot. "I had taken a footpath through some fields, principally attracted by the information that there was not only 'no thoroughfare,' but that spring-guns and man-traps were in profusion on the borders of a neighboring copse. Now, although not wholly unacquainted with man-traps, I knew nothing of the mechanism of a spring-gun, and instinctively accepted the challenge. At the corner of the copse I came upon another obliging notification, 'Beware the brindled cow.' No such animal was at the moment in sight, but continuing to round the copse, I came suddenly upon a scene worthy of Watteau. A rustic maiden, seated on the three-legged stool of the period, was engaged in milking a particularly vicious and observant cow."

"Time was not allowed me to notice more. The brindled brute pinned me with its eyes, stood for a second as if petrified, then, with a click that sent the milk-pail into the air in a cloud of white spray, and a wild stoop and flourish of the head, plunged furiously toward me. I saw the rustic maiden throw up her bare white arms, I heard a shriek, 'As you value your life!' and, without pausing to make the calculation suggested, turned and leaped the deepest ditch and the prickliest hedge I ever met with in combination."

"But I was safe, for, scrambling up, I saw that the absurd animal had danced away to the other end of the meadow, where, in company with two quiet friends, and attended by an exceedingly small boy, she was grazing composedly as if nothing had happened."

"The demeanor of my maid-of-the-milking-pail was less satisfactory. She was standing, her hands pressed into her pretty sides, literally convulsed with laughter. 'I must stop this,' thought I, and, with what ease and dignity I could command, effected a sortie, and stood before her. Jack," continued Mr. Meadfoot, emphatically, "on my honor, that girl's beauty struck me like a sudden gush of light. Her

fresh, flower-like face, her deep blue eyes, swimming with tears of mirth, her milk-white teeth, of which a good many were visible, though the rather wide mouth, to do it justice, could contract itself at pleasure into the sweetest rosebud you ever saw, her royal wealth of hair, about nine-tenths of which had escaped from the coarse kerchief supposed to bind it, then her lithe and yet (as you turf fellows phrase it) 'furnished' figure, these—ah, well," concluded Augustus, "the wisecrack that announced man-traps beside that copse was not such a booby, after all."

"Here we are, opposite my club. Come in and taste our sherry," said I. "You must finish the story of the disguised princess before we part."

"The sequel is even of stronger interest," replied Mr. Meadfoot, "as the sultana remarked when not altogether certain that she would be allowed to live to finish it. Humph! This sherry is sound. Her health, bless her!"

"Amen. Whose?"

"Alice's. Patience; I wish to omit no particulars. I left my shepherdess speechless with laughter. My approach did not check her merriment."

"Well, that were a queer start as ever I see," she gasped, wiping her beautiful eyes with the corner of a very coarse apron. "To see his boot-heels a-poppin' through the hedge. Oh, my! oh, my!" (Another peal of laughter.)

"My dear girl!" I remonstrated.

"I say, come, none of that," retorted the maiden, growing suddenly serious, with even a slight frown appearing on her smooth brow.

"Dear girl ain't my name."

"What is your name?"

"Hen or Hem, as the case may be." (A demure courtesy.)

"May I, at least, be allowed to ask where you live?" I inquired, piqued, but interested.

"Ho yes, sure," replied my Perdita. "I 'angs out, as Tom Turbary says, at Uncle Grumball's, down year." And she pointed backward with her thumb toward a hovel in the distance.

"Your excellent uncle resides in that—edifice?" I exclaimed.

"No, he don't reside in the cow-hus. Farm's ahind the copse. But, deary me, what-ever shall we do about the milk?" (touching the prostrate pail with her bare white foot. Though not small, it might have served for a sculptor's model.) "Oh, sir, 'twas all along of you, coming so sudden upon Damson, which never see a gent in shiny boots afore."

"Do all the pretty feet in this neighborhood go bare?" I ventured to ask.

"There ain't none but mine," she said, simply, and pressing one of them down into the spongy green surface of the meadow, she brought it up white and pure as the milk that has just been shed there. "Well, I must walk my chalks, as Tom Turbary says," continued my sylvan goddess, with a sigh.

"Who is this Turbary, whose choice expressions you seem to relish so highly?"

"The damsel drew up her lithe form."

"Tom Turbary is him which keeps company with me—leastways, wants to (blessed qualification!) and wouldn't never see me carrying all these things—palls an' stool an' all—without saying, 'Let me help 'ee,' remarked Perdita, with a quick side-glance of her blue eye."

"My darling child!—I—I beg pardon," I was shocked at my own remissness. I hastily added: "In Mr. Turbary's, no doubt, unavoidable absence, and in his language, let me help 'ee."

"That's you," said Perdita, briskly.

"I hardly thought it was I, as I trudged along, carrying the palls, which the damsel imperiously confided to me, instead of the stool, which I should have preferred."

"You have many a pleasant walk with Mr.—Turbary, I suppose—eh?" I inquired.

"Hah! A many. 'Specially nuttin' time," was the reply.

"And he is very agreeable?"

"Talks o' turnouts, and such like."

"Clever, is he?"

"Understands beastesses. Knows a good cow when he sis her," replied the nymph, carelessly.

"The range of Mr. Turbary's abilities was certainly not alarming. I fell into a momentary reverie, from which I was aroused by the clinking of one of my cans against a gate-post."

"Woa! Steady there!" said my lovely guide, as if addressing a horse. "We can't afford to lose any more milk to-day. Farm's just round the next corner. Ha, ha, ha! If Tom could see me being helped by a swell, as he calls it!"

"Swell as I am, I can collapse at pleasure, as you have seen," said I, quietly lifting the wooden yoke from my shoulders, and placing the half-filled cans in safety on the ground.

"And now, before we part, won't you tell me your name?"

"Alice Shortcake, sure."

"Shake hands, Alice, dear Alice."

"She put her hand frankly in mine. It was singularly small and soft, and out of harmony, I felt, with the girl's condition in life."

"What makes your hand so white?" I asked, half angrily.

"She snatched it quickly back."

"I'm sure I don't know at all," she said, ruefully, rubbing it hard with the other. "I s'pose it's the milk. But," brightening up, "they're better in winter. I has chilblains awful."

"Alice, dear, I am very much obliged to Damson. She has given me a very happy half-hour. I am sorry it is over."

"So am I," said Perdita, very softly, and without raising her eyes.

"Good-by, dear."

"Good-by."

"But I must see your eyes."

"Well, there!"

"They flashed up bluely, and fell again, not, however, before I had detected a crystal drop

on each lower lid, awaiting orders. A sudden impulse seized me.

"Alice, darling, do you love—that is, intend to marry—this Tom Turbary?"

"I hate 'm—in that way," said the girl, with almost savage earnestness, which left no doubt of her sincerity.

"And will you be his wife?"

"Not if I knows it, as T—T—Tom—"

"But in speaking, she burst into a passion of tears."

"Now, Alice dear, one question more. Shall I go on my way?"

"No answer. Lids down, cheeks crimson, slight heave of the fair bosom."

"Do you wish me to stay?"

"Can't say—but what—I doos," was the half-whispered reply.

"I almost wish you couldn't," I thought. But if the grammar was loose, the sense was perfect. "Alice, dear, do you know what I am thinking of?"

"Damson," coquettishly.

"Do you know what I desire most in the world? To marry Alice Shortcake."

"Oh, law!"

"Even so, my darling. Marriage law. What say you?"

"Alice looked up, with eyes laughing through tears."

"To think that you should be afeerd o' Damson. (Oh, them boot-heels!) Why, you're the boldest gentleman I ever did heer tell on. You doesn't know me from Haddam."

"That we are both descended from that stock is enough for me," I said. "Ignorance, Alice, is the misfortune I am seeking to remedy. Help me. Do you like me, Alice?"

"Very much indeed," said my candid shepherdess.

"Is my being a gent—that is, as Mr. Turbary would call it, a swell, very much against me?"

"Likes 'n, rather 'n not."

"Then you will be my wife?"

"No, I won't," was the reply. "Leastways, not now."

"When, Alice?"

"Listen," said the girl, raising her blue eyes at last, and fixing them steadily on mine. "Don't ye come aneer me, nor write to me, nor even think of me, if you can help it, for three months. Then, if you still remember Alice Shortcake, I won't say but you'll find her where you seen her first, in the meadow by the copse, a milking Cowslip (which is quieter than Damson) about sunset. Go now, sir, if you please. That's your road, alongside the hedge, past the pound where the donkey is—and—(well—God less 'ee, anyways)—here's mine."

"The white feet went twinkling down the road. I was alone."

"Well, Jack, I have little more to add, but that's significant. As luck would have it, I found in the incumbent of the adjoining parish my old college friend, Hyndman. He introduced me to the curate of Spuddington, who was well acquainted with the respectable old Grumballs, and knew the bright creature who had, from a child, been the light of their house, as she was now the aid and solace of their declining years. Alice had been sought in marriage by every celibate clod within a radius of ten miles; nay, even the remote market-town of Ditchingham had sent its suitor. All in vain. Mr. Thomas Turbary's chances had indeed been spoken of as fair, but the opinion was found to originate with himself, and to be devoid of any more foundation than that old Mr. Grumball had, for some time, owed him (Mr. Turbary) a 'little matter of money.'

"Jack, you know what I have always said. Simplicity and truth for me. I am wearied of the artificiality of what is ironically termed 'good society,' its polished hypocrites, its gilded meanness, its immeasurable falsehood, its smiling hate. What, if you sometimes lose in refinement? You are royally repaid in truth. Leave your educated sweets, your delicate human exotics, for those who prize such frippery. The hardy, honest wayside flower for me."

"Sir, I returned to Spuddington-the-Less. On that day three months, at set of sun, my shiny boots reflected his parting glow as they rounded the copse, and marched, without flinching, straight upon a group of cows, patiently awaiting the attentions of the whitest-fingered milkmaid that ever jingled can."

"I forbear to describe the meeting. Enough that, in three short weeks, which seemed as many years, I married Alice Shortcake, my friend Hyndman officiating, and my ex-rival, Tom Turbary (resplendent in a bottle-green coat) enacting the part of best man."

"What happened to my darling during those three months I cannot say. In grace and propriety of manner she might have lived in a circle of duchesses! My only terror is that she should become too refined. Except in little faults of grammar, and occasional expressions of the Turbarian school—which I correct jocosely—Alice is perfect, sir—perfect. As I said before, I am the happiest fellow extant. Come down to our cot at Hammersmith and see. The honeymoon is not over, but you are an old friend. Thanks; no more sherry. Hi there, hansom! Hammersmith."

CHAPTER II.

THE next day but one, I visited the married turtles. Meadfoot was alone, in the front garden.

"She has run in for a moment," he said, "but will be down directly. A little nervous, you see, at first, in society that she—Do you know she asked me twice at breakfast how she should behave! I was a little impatient the second time, and answered: 'Exactly as is most natural to you, Alice. I wish my friend to see and know precisely whom I have married, without artifice or affectation of any kind.' Here she comes!"

Mrs. Meadfoot came tripping along the path,

holding out both her pretty hands. She was, in appearance, all, and more than all, her husband had depicted her. But her first words startled me a little:

"Well, Jack, how's yourself?"

"My dear! my dear!" said Augustus, rather hastily, "Mr. Milford is only 'Jack' to his male friends! And, inasmuch as he cannot be anybody but himself, a little less stress, my darling, on the relative pronoun."

The pretty lips pouted for a moment, then parted, a sunny smile revealing the whitest teeth imaginable.

"How tired you must be!" Alice continued. "Especially if you stomped it all this way."

"Ahem!" said Meadfoot.

"My dear?" said Alice, opening her innocent blue eyes.

"Nature, darling, made man a walking, not a stumping, animal."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said the beautiful creature, corrected; "I done as I was bid."

"I trust, my love, that you will never 'dun' anybody. What you may do is another grammatical question altogether," replied her husband.

Alice looked a little puzzled; but a topic being started, on which she conversed with perfect ease and propriety, both recovered their equanimity, and Meadfoot was evidently delighted at the impression his little wife was making on me.

"Well," he remarked, presently, "I must leave you two together for a few minutes, while I dispatch my letters." And with a glance, at once tender and cautionary, he went into the house.

Mrs. Meadfoot continued the conversation, and, without the slightest effort or display, positively astonished me with her intelligence and mental culture. In a few minutes, we were summoned in to lunch, and here again all went charmingly, until Alice, as if suddenly recollecting her duties as hostess, asked me if I would not take some more "swizzle?"

"My love!" ejaculated Augustus, much shocked. "Swizzle! You seem to have reserved some most extraordinary conversational gems for my friend. Bitter beer, if you please. Bitter beer!"

"Oh, now, Augustus, dear, you told me!" pleaded Alice's sweet full voice, her eyes brimful of tears.

"Told you, darling? Told you to be vulgar?"

"No, no, dear! Natural. 'Exactly as was most natural,' you said. So I tried to remember the words I used when I was natural, and hadn't learned a bit. And, oh! I couldn't think of any more!" Another sob.

"Well, well, my love!" said Meadfoot, laughing heartily; "Milford, having now learned your natural gifts, may prefer the acquired. But, oh—yes—Good heaven! it is that woman!" he continued, rising hastily, much disturbed, as a coroneted carriage, drawn by magnificent bays, drew up at the gate.

Alice, blushing like a very rose, seemed to partake of her husband's annoyance, and, either from a sign from him, or from an impulse of her own, vanished from the room.

"It is my aunt-godmother, the Dowager Countess of Haughtington," Meadfoot explained; "the proudest woman on earth, and the only visitor I dread. She heard of my marriage, was furious, and now honors us with this early visit, impatient to wound my poor little rustic wife with her refined sarcasms, or crush her with her haughty condescension. Excuse me, Jack—I shall not be long. She shall have no lunch, if she stops a fortnight!" added Augustus, spitefully, as he left the room.

The countess (he afterward told me) met him with the sweet, but rather diabolical smile, well known to her enemies—and these were not a few—as meaning mischief. She had, moreover, a cordial manner of extending her arms, which forcibly recalled that famous instrument of execution, which—using the same gesture—folded the criminal to a bosom richly set with spikes five inches long.

"How shall I plead for pardon?" demanded the kind lady, sweetly. "Dearest Augustus! My jealousy lest any one should welcome my lovely niece before me, compelled me to forestall permission. I am positively wretched till I hold her in my arms."

"Your misery, my dear aunt," said Meadfoot, quietly, "shall last no longer than your niece requires to take off her cooking-apron, smooth her hair, and practice the courtesy with which she, no doubt, intends to meet your ladyship's condescension."

"You are jesting, I suppose," said Lady Haughtington. "But, in any case, why this preparation? True elegance and refinement are independent of such aids."

"My wife was a dairy-maid and farm-servant," said Augustus, slowly, looking his aunt in the face. "And your ladyship knows it."

The countess colored slightly, and if, as asserted, people do sometimes "look daggers," the point of a very sharp one glistened, for a second, in her eye. But she sheathed it instantly. War was not her game.

"My boy, I do know it," she replied, in a tone of condolence that was not entirely hypocritical. "Well, I will not say that I rejoice. The noblest blood of England cannot see itself suddenly allied to the poorest without repugnance. But there, it is a fact accomplished. And now," she added, with a bewitching frankness that would have deceived any but the forearmed, "I have a petition. Will you grant it?"

"I am too sensible of your friendship, my dear aunt, to refuse anything you are likely to ask," replied that humbug Augustus.

"Accord me, then, the pleasant duty of introducing this wild rose of yours into those circles where her fresh, uncultivated loveliness, her natural grace and sweet simplicity, will place her at once among the most admired."

"In other words," said Meadfoot, calmly, "take possession of my wife while yet unaltered in her rustic thoughts and ways, and, in revenge

for the connection I have given you, make her, through her supposed vulgarity, her ignorance, her awkward demeanor and dowdy attire, the laughing-stock of every acquaintance of your ladyship—and I fear they are many—whose selfish souls can batten on such food. Calm yourself, if you please, Lady Haughtington. I do but repeat your own incautious words, reported to me by one on whose word I can rely. Quickly as you have found us, my dear aunt, your kindly purpose has, you see, been beforehand with you."

Lady Haughtington rose up, white with rage.

"You are right, sir," she hissed through her set teeth. "That was my purpose. Do you imagine that anything less could have induced me to cross that threshold? That anything but hate—unmitigated hate and biting revenge—could have tempted me to look upon the vacuous visage of this dairy wench—this farm drudge—this barefooted beggar-girl, whom you—King Cophetua the Second—have plucked from the ditch, to make your wife? You miserable fool, farewell! I have done with you."

"Will you not see my wife, Lady Haughtington?" asked Meadfoot. "In the society of which your ladyship is the most distinguished ornament, courtesy, I think suggests—"

"I will not see her. My carriage, sir."

"But she is here," said her nephew, as Alice, simply, but tastefully dressed, tripped into the room with the grace of a princess. Augustus thought he had never seen her look so fair.

The countess, watching at the window for her carriage, did not deign to move.

Stepping forward, Meadfoot took his wife's hand and drew her toward the window.

"My wife, Lady Haughtington, expects your greeting."

The countess turned like a tigress brought to bay. What passionate words the high-bred lady would have permitted herself to utter can only be surmised, for, as her flashing eyes fell upon Alice, their fury died away. Her whole aspect changed. The flush of anger gave way to a deadly pallor, and the whole stately figure quivered for an instant, as if about to fall.

"Who—what—is this? Rosa!" she gasped out, faintly. The lips remained open, as if further utterance failed.

"My name is Alice."

"Voice, too; eyes, lips, hair! Child your mother's name? Speak! What was she called?"

"I never knew her," said Alice; "but"—taking a locket-miniature from her bosom—"here is her likeness, and here, at the back, two letters, R. V."

"Rosa Vavasour!" murmured the countess, with deep emotion. "It is the finger of Heaven. I need not ask you how they knew this to be your mother's face. Are you not her living image?"

"You knew her, aunt?" asked Meadfoot, eagerly.

"Knew her? She was my sister! That Aunt Rosa, whose name and memory have been so banished from our tongues and hearts, that it is little wonder you have forgotten such a being ever had existence. She was the very jewel of our hearts; but she made a mean and secret marriage, and we cast her off. They died in poverty, unnoticed, unforgotten, and their one child—we knew that one had been born to them—was adopted by some compassionate neighbor, in the sequestered village in which they had resided under a borrowed name. We never sought the orphan, rejoicing, in our pride, that she should be thus, as it were, cut off from our line. But, Augustus, Providence has rebuked and overruled our selfish ends. You have been directed to the orphan's home. You have married your cousin! Forgive me, both of you!" concluded the countess, shedding, for once in a way, genuine tears, as she folded Alice in her arms. "I lament my pride and passion. Henceforth, my children, give me what love you can, as I, in all sincerity, offer you mine."

Among the presentations at a drawing-room, that occurred shortly after the interview above described, I noticed: "The Hon. Mrs. Meadfoot, on her marriage, by her aunt, the Countess of Haughtington."

THE DEFACED MONUMENTS OF PARIS.

THE telegraphic dispatches of May 24th and 25th, having for burden the ruin of the grandest edifices of Paris, caused a feeling of the most poignant regret to their American readers. Conflicting as were the reports, and difficult as it was to learn the precise damage done by the desperate Communist mob, enough was learned to make every one detest "the Red fool-fury of the Seine" which thus assaults the proudest monuments of history.

The buildings destroyed or most foully defaced, appear to have been, the Palace of the Tuilleries, the Ministry of Finance, the Prefecture of Police, the Court of Accounts, the Palace of the Legion of Honor, and the Barracks on the Quai d'Orsay.

THE TUILERIES PALACE.

In 1564, Catharine de Medici began its erection. A prediction, bidding her beware of St. Germain and the Tuilleries, caused her to abandon the work, and leave it for Henry IV. to extend and embellish. He began the long work which joins the Louvre to the palace; and the works suspended by his death were carried on, and terminated by Louis XIII., who fixed his residence there. Louis XIV. having ordered Levan and D'Orbay to harmonize the whole, an attic was added to the central buildings, and other important improvements made. This monarch resided in the Tuilleries occasionally until the building of Versailles, when the court entirely forsook the capital. The Regent Duke of Orleans fixed his abode in the Tuilleries during the minority of Louis XV.; but from that period the families of persons officially attached to the Government have occupied it.

The exterior of the palace was grand and imposing. The extreme length of the facade was 336 yards; its breadth 36 yards. Owing to the different periods at which it was built, its architecture was not uniform. All that wealth and taste could accomplish was employed, under successive monarchs, to embellish its interior. The Emperor's private apartments were gorgeously decorated. The theatre could accommodate 800 spectators, and was used as a supper-room when balls were given at Court. The chapel of the palace was rather plain, and had a gallery and ceiling resting upon Doric columns of stone and stucco. The Salle de la Paix was used as a ball-room, and was 140 feet long by 35 feet broad, and contained splendid statuary. The Hall of the Marshals was remarkable for its splendor. The names of the great battles fought under the First Empire were inscribed on its walls, and around the hall were busts of distinguished generals and naval commanders, while portraits of the great Marshals of France adorned its panels. The furniture was ornamented with green velvet and gold. This was used as a ball-room on State occasions. Four other magnificent halls were conspicuous features. The carpets on them were of Gobelin manufacture, and cost \$200,000. These halls were the White, the Apollo, and the Throne Halls. The Throne Hall, a splendid apartment, contained the imperial throne. The hangings were of dark velvet, of Lyons manufacture, with palm-leaves and wreaths wrought in gold. The throne, facing the windows, was surmounted by a canopy of the same, and the drapery depending from it was studded with bees embroidered in gold. A description of the remaining apartments would simply embrace a repetition of decorations of unrivaled elegance, the results of lavish expenditure.

Our view presents, in front, the Façade of the Tuilleries, now left a mere shell, and, to the left, the Rue de Rivoli front, also destroyed. The view then extends eastward, so as to include the Louvre, and the connecting buildings around the Place Napoleon III.; on the modified Pavillon de Sully (formerly called that of the Horloge), Napoleon III. engraved the proud and terse inscription: "1541, François I. commences the Louvre. 1564, Catharine de Medici commences the Tuilleries. 1852-1857, Napoleon III. unites the Tuilleries to the Louvre." Among these new buildings, consisting of various pavilions, one, on the river-side, contained the splendid stables of the Emperor, and that nearly opposite, on the Rue de Rivoli, his immense private library, now destroyed. The Galleries of the Louvre, seen in the distance in our picture, were protected at great risk, and their priceless art-treasures saved.

THE LUXEMBOURG.

A dispatch of May 25th, via London, asserted that the Luxembourg had been partially blown up. The Palace of the Luxembourg was built by Marie de Medici, in 1612 and the succeeding years. In it were placed, among other treasures, the allegorical paintings by Rubens, illustrating the life of that queen, admired more lately in the Louvre Gallery by visitors to that collection. By the First and Third Napoleons the Luxembourg was used for the sessions of the Senate. The latter Emperor caused great discontent, four years ago, by infringing upon its magnificent gardens, long a popular pleasure-ground. The proportions of these gardens were much reduced, the grounds at the edges being sold at splendid prices, and new streets opened. The fine trees were removed alive to other parks, and used to be followed by trains of gamins and students, in the semblance of a funeral train—an expression of public sentiment difficult to suppress and impossible to misunderstand. The association of this Palace with the sessions of the Senate during the late dynasty, is what earned it the obloquy of the Communists. It was built by Marie de Medici as a copy of the Pitti Palace at Florence. Its court forms a parallelogram of 360 by 300 feet. The Throne-room, Picture-gallery, and Senate-chamber, are the finest among its numerous apartments. The last was destroyed by fire October 28th, 1859, but was restored by Napoleon III. to its pristine splendor for the secret sittings of his creatures under the title of Senators. The Picture-gallery was opened freely to the public, and was the repository of a splendid collection of works by contemporary French artists, culled year by year from the Salon exhibitions. Here was to be seen the "Decadence of Rome," by Couture, while in another part of the building, the Library, was a ceiling painted by Eugene Delacroix, representing the Elysium of Danie. The statuary, both in the Art-gallery and in the exterior garden, was remarkably fine. These gardens, just before being reduced by Napoleon III., measured 919 metres (yards) long by 570 in breadth.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

This building, fired with petroleum, and terribly injured, was the headquarters of the Communists in their day of power. It was commenced in 1533, in the Gothic style; but a new style of architecture becoming more in vogue, the works were suspended until an Italian, named Dominico Boccardo, presented to Henry II. a new plan, which was adopted. The works, however, proceeded slowly, and the whole was not completed till the year 1605, in the reign of Henry IV. The Hôtel de Ville was a very large building, and was worthy of admiration, even among the more splendid achievements of modern architecture. It was greatly injured during the wars of the Fronde, indifferently repaired by the son of the sculptor, was, during the revolution of 1789, renewed, and re-established in 1815, and again destroyed by the Communists recently. Several additions were made to this hôtel under Louis Philippe, consisting chiefly of the Hospital and Church of St. Esprit, and the Chapel of St. John. The ground-floor of the Church of St. Esprit was converted into a large vestibule, and used on occasions of royal visits. At the end of this vestibule was a great

staircase leading to a private apartment. The Hall of St. John, the only remaining part of the church, formed an extensive parallelogram, and was decorated with twelve Corinthian pillars. This hall was only used on great occasions, and it was in this place that, after the return of Louis XVIII., a dinner was given him by the city of Paris. From a window in this building General Lafayette presented Louis Philippe to the mob after the overthrow of Charles in 1830. Here, also, the unfortunate Louis XVI. was forced to address the excited populace, wearing the cap of liberty, and it was in a room in the Hôtel de Ville that Robespierre attempted to commit suicide, prior to his execution. It was standing on the broad steps, by which one of the three courts is approached, that Lamartine stood, and, with the utmost heroism, declared to the infuriated mob before him that the red flag of Communism should never be the flag of France. The Salle du Trône and State apartments were magnificent, and the Grande Galerie des Fêtes exceedingly beautiful. It was in this saloon that the balls were given in honor of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, in 1855; Victor Emmanuel, during the same year, and the Grand Duke Constantine, two years later. At the time of the great Exposition there was also a grand ball given here, at which were present probably a larger number of European monarchs and princes than ever before assembled together on a single occasion. Immediately underneath the Galerie des Fêtes was the Salle St. Jean, used for civic and public meetings. In addition to the State apartments, the Hôtel de Ville contained six hundred rooms, which were occupied by officers and clerks. We must not omit stating that the building was famous as the one from which the several Governments of France have been declared overthrown or established, ever since the revolution of 1789. In fact, the possession of the Hôtel de Ville by insurgents of Paris was always regarded as tantamount to a change of government. The building cost over three million dollars, and was justly regarded as one of the most imposing in Europe, and one of the most prominent features of Paris.

THE DAUPHINE AS A SMALLPOX NURSE.

MARIE JOSEPH DE Saxe was mother of three kings, and great-grandmother of the present Count of Chambord. She died more than a century ago, in 1767. Marie Josephe left her father's Court at Dresden in January, 1747, to wed the Dauphin of France. The bride was met at the frontier by the Duchess de Brancas and her niece, the Duchess de Laraguais, two women of the noblest birth and of the most ignoble character. At the head of the princess's French household, they stripped her of her Polish costume and turned away her Polish attendants—for she came more as the daughter of the King of Poland than of the Elector of Saxony; and then, as if to seal her for life to her new destiny, the elder duchess presented her with the fat Dauphin's portrait, which the younger duchess took from her and fastened to her right hand. From that moment, Marie ceased to be of Saxony, and began her career as Dauphine of France.

The Dauphine never showed more grandeur of character than when her husband was seized with the loathsome and then common disease, the smallpox. Dumoulin, the chief physician, insisted on bleeding him freely at the foot. "The prince may die under it," he said; "he will certainly die without it." This was said to Louis XV., who replied, "Then, let him be bled." It was done, suppuration ensued, and the Dauphin looked hideous. Neither by persuasion nor force could his wife be kept from closely tending him. When the consequent peril was hinted, she answered, "If a Dauphine dies, you can easily get another; but the lost life of a Dauphin cannot be made good. Besides," she added, "I am, for the present, no longer Dauphine; I am only an ordinary nurse." She had ten times the courage of the man over whom she watched so bravely and tenderly. It was not etiquette to tell him the nature of his complaint, nor did he want to be told; yet he had a fearful curiosity to know. And here comes a story of wifely love and fidelity—thus:

"One day, he asked for the *Gazette de Paris*, a paper in which the nature of his malady and the bulletin of his health was sure to be printed. But—see what care was then taken of the nerves of princes!—a copy of the paper was printed, in anticipation of his request, in which the ugly quality of his malady was not alluded to. Still, his suspicion rendered him uneasy. On another occasion, he asked for a silver plate and a napkin. When these were presented to him, he feebly polished up the surface of the plate, and gazed into it, as if it were a mirror, for which he was probably afraid to ask. As his room was dark, and the curtains of his bed were drawn, he was unable to discover any reflection of his face in the silver. His supreme act was selfish and detestable. He was at his worst when he asked the Dauphine, who was sitting near him, to kiss him! Without hesitation, the brave woman stooped to that repulsive face, and kissed it heartily. The act dispelled his suspicions, but it put a dearer life in double peril. There was no office asked of her which she was not ready to perform with cheerfulness, more or less assumed. When the patient was out of danger, and fairly convalescent, the queen, to whom the announcement was made, kissed—not the Dauphine *garde-malade*, but M. Dumoulin, the physician."

Marie Josephe lost several of her children in their infancy, and sympathizing Parisians remarked, "The loss may distress the Dauphine, but it in no way interests the State." The three sons were the Duke of Berry, and the Counts of Provence and Artois. These three little princes were afterward known as Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X. Of the twelve children of Marie Josephe, five survived her. The death of the Dauphin, in 1765, left her a

widow at the age of thirty-four. Nine days after his death, she wrote to her brother Xavier a letter which contained these words: "It has been the will of God that I should outlive him for whom I would have given a thousand lives. I hope that God will give His grace, that I may employ the rest of my pilgrimage in preparing myself, by repentance, to rejoin my husband's soul in heaven, where I do not doubt that he is putting up the same prayer for me." In a short time she followed her husband to the grave. Her children, except Louis XVIII., perished on the scaffold or in exile. Her great-grandson, the Count of Chambord (Henry V.) has been forty years a wanderer. He is now in Switzerland, faintly, yet fondly, hoping that he may yet be enabled to plant the Bourbon lilies again in that France where everything happens and nothing lasts!

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE Crown-Princess of Prussia is about to publish a crown octavo on female labor.

MR. W. W. CORCORAN, of Washington, is declared out of danger by his physicians.

HON. SYDNEY BREEZE, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois, is seriously ill.

SECRETARY BELKNAP will deliver an address before the Alumni of Princeton College at their next anniversary celebration.

QUEEN VICTORIA has knighted Messrs. Stern-dale Bennett, Jules Benedict and George Elvey, well known in musical circles.

EX-PRESIDENT E. O. HAVEN, late of the University of Michigan, is to be made a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

DR. E. G. ANDREWS, of the Seventh Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., has been elected President of the State University of Wisconsin.

THE ladies of Boston are to hold a great Fair, in December next, in aid of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

THE Senate has confirmed the nomination of James R. Partridge, of Maryland, to be Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Brazil.

REV. O. P. PETERSEN, late Superintendent of Methodist Missions in Norway, arrived in this country on the 20th of May, accompanied by many Scandinavian emigrants.

BISHOP DAVIS W. CLARK, of the Methodist Church, died at Cincinnati, O., May 23d, at an advanced age. He was a prominent officer of his Church, and edited a number of public works.

A MONUMENT is to be erected in Central Park, New York, in honor of Sir Walter Scott. It will be an exact copy of the one at Edinburgh. The corner-stone will be laid on Sir Walter's hundredth birthday.

MADAME PATTERSON - BONAPARTE, though nearly ninety years of age, has never been confined to her bed but one month in all her life; furnishing an instance of at least one American woman who is not delicate.

MISS ESTHER JOHNSTONE, who was one of the devoted nurses of the German hospitals in France, died at Chalons lately, at her self-appointed task, and the Prussians gave her a burial with military honors.

THEY have an eighteen-year-old boy-preacher out in Indiana, whose sermons "exceed, for wonderful scope of thought, eloquence of diction, and perfect command of language," anything ever before heard in those parts.

TEXAS papers tell of a man who, after being buried five days by the caving in of a well, was rescued alive, and ate, drank, smoked, and said he was all right; and a few hours after began to sink, and died without a struggle.

ALEXANDER, Czar of Russia, who intends to visit Germany the coming Summer, to be present at the Silver Wedding of his sister, the Queen of Württemberg, will travel, it is stated, in his private capacity without form or ostentation of any kind.

MR. MAGAMIAENS, Brazilian Minister to Washington, has been transferred to the Argentine Republic, and Mr. Borges, Brazilian Minister to the Argentine Republic, has been transferred to Washington. Mr. Borges is not expected here until next autumn; meanwhile Mr. Fleury will continue Chargé d'Affaires of Brazil here, as he has continued during the protracted absence of the Minister.

FATHER HYACINTHE has addressed from Rome a letter to Dr. Dollinger, in which he says that the time of words is past and that of action come. The letter terminates: "Courage, great and noble heart! Be blessed for having offered yourself spontaneously to the danger for the House of Israel. The strong ones have disappeared from among us, and have gone to rest; but Jehovah has raised you in your old days for new combats and new victories."

NICOLAUS COPERNICUS was born on the 19th of February, 1473, and the people of his native town of Thorn, in Prussia, are already preparing for a celebration worthy of the event. They have got nearly two years in which to complete their preparations, but they contemplate great things, great and noble heart! Be blessed for having offered yourself spontaneously to the danger for the House of Israel. The strong ones have disappeared from among us, and have gone to rest; but Jehovah has raised you in your old days for new combats and new victories."

THE famous Bancker collection of philosophical apparatus has been purchased for the Stevens Institute of Technology, at Hoboken, N. J. In this collection will be found cabinets of minerals, with beautifully executed models in glass and wood, to exhibit the immense variety of crystalline forms; charts and maps in relief, with suits of rocks to illustrate the geology of various countries; telescopes and instruments for observing the stars, with globes and globes for studying the motions of the heavenly bodies; models of pumps, rams, jets, mills and all manner of contrivances to demonstrate the properties of fluids when in rest and in motion. The collection also contains magnets simple and compound, with other machines of the most varied description, to illustrate the phenomena of electricity and magnetism. But, above all, it is rich in optical and acoustic apparatus.

THE Treaty of Washington was sent from the National Capital to New York, May 26th, and from there to London on the following day, for the purpose of exchange of ratifications. Minister Schenck will receive it three or four days after his arrival in England, and the exchange of ratifications will be completed in three or four weeks. Two copies of the Treaty were signed by the Commissioners, one of which was sent at once to London, and one placed before the Senate by the President. The Senate, having consented to the Treaty, the President and Secretary of State attached their signatures to the copy, and when Minister Schenck receives it he will exchange this copy, having the signature of the President, for the other copy, which will be signed by the Queen. When the exchanged copy has been received, it will be promulgated by the President in a proclamation, and its provisions will, then be fully in force.



THE FAR WEST.—INTERIOR OF A DUG-OUT ON THE LINE OF THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

A DUG-OUT ON THE PLAINS.

By THOMAS W. KNOX.

THE work of constructing the Kansas-Pacific Railway was prosecuted under many disadvantages. The Indians were annoying, and a great many laborers were killed by them. They attacked the parties engaged in cutting wood for ties, and were equally troublesome to the surveyors, graders and track-layers. Frequently the men were obliged to labor with arms at hand, and sometimes the day would be equally divided between railway-building and Indian-fighting. At many points small forts were erected, where the marksmen could defend themselves and hold out against the attacking parties of red men. While the road was being pushed from the eastern boundary of Colorado to Denver, hardly a day passed without an encounter with the Indians. But all in vain were the efforts of the aboriginals to prevent the construction of the railway. The work was carried through with the perseverance that characterizes American financiers, and in less time than many of its most sanguine friends expected. Since its completion there have been fewer troubles with the savages than before, and some of the employees of the company complain that their life on the Plains is becoming monotonous in consequence of the cessation of fighting.

On much of the territory between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains there is a great scarcity of timber; the writer has traveled two or three hundred miles in a single journey westward, without seeing growing wood in sufficient quantities to make a respectable hog-pen. Where there is so little wood, it is necessary to find a substitute that will serve for building purposes; stone is not to be had, and the only thing available and abundant is the soil of the Plains. There is a great deal of dirt lying around loose, and when a man wants it for the construction of forts and houses, he can take it without asking anybody's permission.

Along the Kansas-Pacific Railway the traveler can see many houses that are almost

entirely built of this material. The most common form is that of a dug-out, or sunken dwelling—the roof being only two or three feet above the ground. A sort of cellar is made, and the earth is piled outside so as to extend the walls to the required height. Steps are cut for a doorway, and the walls are pierced with holes for the double purpose of admitting light and facilitating the handling of rifles in interviews with hostile Indians. There is little or no wood besides the rafters which support the roof of dirt; the chimney is made of sods, that have a way of drying and crumbling to pieces, and occasionally dropping into the cooking-utensils in the fireplace. They give a gritty flavor to soups and roast meats that is not always relished by the occupants of the house, but it is positively asserted that the dirt does not in any way interfere with their digestion.

The interior of a dug-out is not altogether palatial. The floor is of solid earth, and the furniture consists of a rude table, one or two benches, and, possibly, a cot-bed. Sometimes there is a luxury in the shape of a few bundles of straw; but this is not always attainable, and the occupants content themselves with a blanket on the solid earth. In pleasant weather, the

open air is generally preferred as a sleeping-place, since there is less dampness, more space, and no probability that the roof will fall in upon you. The taste for the beautiful is sometimes consulted by the occupants, who hang cheap pictures on the walls, and add decorations of elk-horns and buffalo-heads. The presence of lovely woman is not frequent in these rude dwellings; the men generally act as their own chambermaids, washerwomen, and seamstresses, while one of their number officiates as cook. There is but one room, and it serves as parlor, kitchen, dressing-room, dormitory, store-room, and reception-saloon. Coffee-pot, frying-pan, and stew-pan, are the principal articles used in the kitchen; and I have known a resident of a dug-out who used to get up a dinner with no other cooking-utensils than a frying-pan and a battered tin cup of enormous proportions. But I will do him the credit to say that I never enjoyed a meal better than the one he served; I had prepared for it by an involuntary fast of nearly thirty hours, and was ready to eat anything short of a leather boot or a buffalo-robe.

There is a great scarcity of water in many parts of the Plains. Whisky forms a popular substitute for drinking purposes, but it is generally expensive, and quite as generally of bad

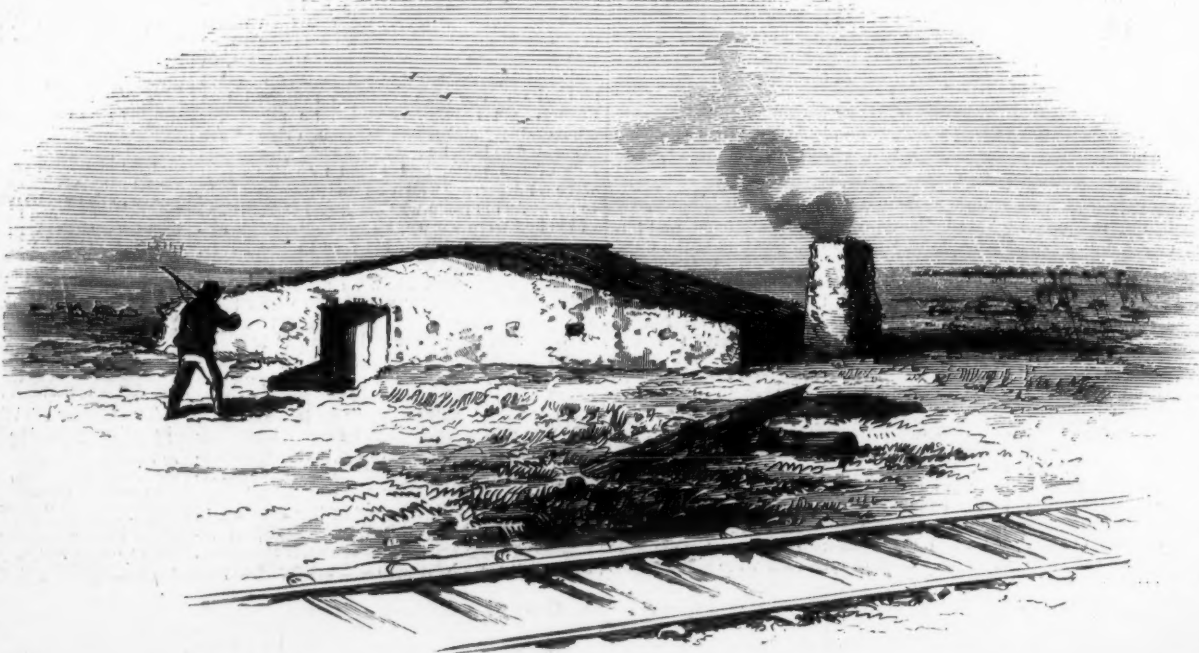
quality. I have seen whisky there that ought to burn a hole through the back of a sea-turtle, but the old frontiersmen used to drink it with a readiness like that of a bulldog swallowing a beefsteak. When water is scarce, frequent bathing is not fashionable, and the inhabitants do not wash their clothing very often. Dirt is a substitute for water in cleaning plates, knives, forks, spoons and other table-ware, and it makes a better substitute than one might suppose. To clean a knife, you must stick it in the ground a few times, and it will shine like the nose of a Fourth Ward politician; forks and spoons are to be treated in the same way, and as for plates and cups, they must be rubbed with dry dirt and wisps of grass until all the grease is removed, and they are as clean as though they had been submitted to the tongue of a hungry mastiff or the dish-cloth of a faithful Bridget.

Many fights have occurred between the Indians and the inhabitants of these half underground houses, but the facilities of defense are so good that the Indians generally come off second best. Where the ground is level or gently undulating, the Indians would be exposed to a severe fire, while they could do little harm to the defenders. In one of these con-

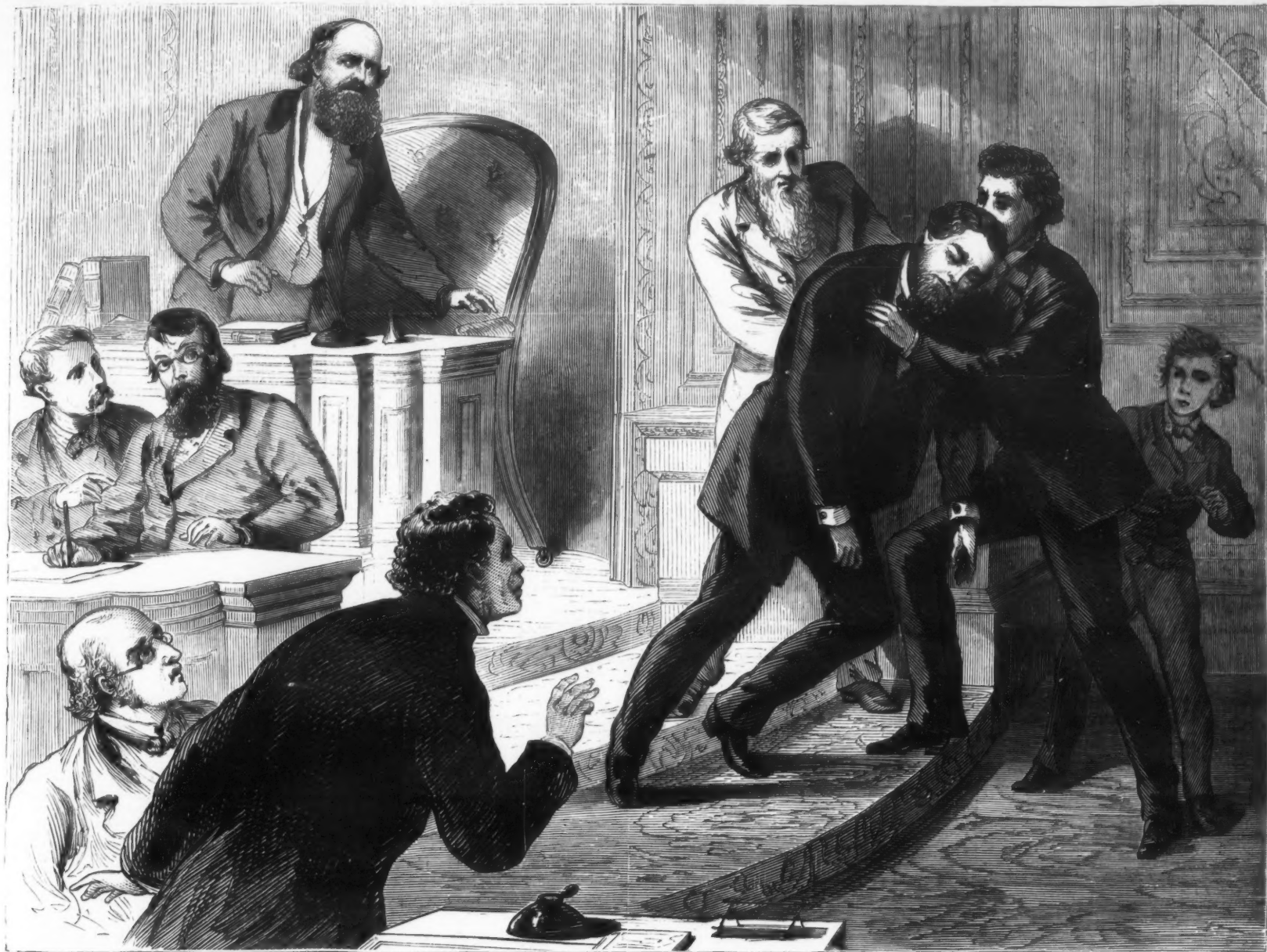
tests a party of half a dozen men repulsed about two hundred Indians. They killed and wounded about twenty of the assailants, while not a single white man was injured, and the whole work was performed one morning before breakfast, though it is proper to say that the initial meal of the day was performed an hour later than usual.

PROSTRATION
OF
VICE-PRESIDENT
COLFAX.

THE sudden and alarming illness of Vice-President Colfax, on Monday, May 22d, excited feelings of deep regret among his many friends. About three o'clock in the afternoon, feeling considerably oppressed by the vitiated atmosphere of the Senate Chamber, which induced a growing sense of dizziness, Mr. Colfax desired Captain Bassett, the Door-keeper, to ask Mr. Pomeroy to take the chair.



THE FAR WEST.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF A DUG-OUT ON THE LINE OF THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILWAY.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—VICE-PRESIDENT COLFAX, WHILE PRESIDING IN THE SENATE, SEIZED WITH AN ALARMING ATTACK OF ILLNESS, MAY 22D.—SKETCHED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

As the Senator did so, Mr. Colfax was stepping down from the dais, when he suddenly staggered, and would have fallen to the ground but for Mr. Bassett, who caught him. He was immediately conveyed to his reception-room. Dr. Taft, the Senate Postmaster, was at once summoned, and Dr. Bliss, Mr. Colfax's physician, soon arrived. It was at first reported that the Vice-President had been stricken with paralysis, but Dr. Bliss pronounced it a severe attack of vertigo and irregular action of the heart, caused by a debilitated condition of the system,

mental excitement, under which the Vice-President has been for a week past, and sitting so long in the foul atmosphere of an Executive session.

About seven o'clock he began to rally, and, before Dr. Bliss temporarily left him, the symptoms were subsiding.

After the Vice-President had been restored to consciousness, and strength had returned sufficiently to enable him to speak, he expressed the belief that he had been stricken with paralysis; but when the physician assured

him that such was not the case, he seemed greatly relieved. He had only strength to give the address of his wife at South Bend, Ind., and express the wish that she might be informed of his illness, and assured that his condition was not dangerous. Senators Wilson and Robertson, and Dr. J. P. Newman, Chaplain of the Senate, together with Dr. Bliss and Sergeant-at-Arms French, promptly volunteered to remain with him during the night. On the following day the Vice-President sent a communication to the Senate, stating that he would

be unable again to occupy his seat as presiding officer during the session, and Mr. Anthony, of Rhode Island, was chosen to perform his duties.

The anxiety of those who watched him, from day to day seemed to increase rather than diminish. His improvement was scarcely perceptible. At our latest advices he was unable to move, except slightly, without assistance, and it will probably be a long time, even if no change for the worse takes place, before he can be taken from his room in the Capitol.



THE DEFACED MONUMENTS OF PARIS.—THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—SEE PAGE 211.

GOVERNOR JEWELL, of Connecticut, in his message to the Legislature, recommends, "That the earnings of any person to the extent of fifty dollars be exempt from attachment for debt," and says, "The only real creators of wealth are those who earn their daily bread by their daily toil." These timely words come home to thousands of our people at the present time, with peculiar force. The growing tendency of consolidated capital and corporate interests to oppress the laboring classes, is apparent in the outbreaks and combinations among workmen, resulting from the course pursued by capitalists. In most of our States the law specially exempts from attachment certain property, as the homestead, mechanics' tools, the sewing-machine, etc.; and here it occurs to us that, in one branch of industry, at least, generally under the control of corporations, the usual cause for complaint does not exist. We refer to the sewing-machine manufacturers, whose capital and efforts have done so much to place this useful instrument within reach of the poor. As we happen to be familiar with the management and working of one of the foremost (the *Weed Sewing-Machine Company*), we can speak confidently of the liberal course that has been pursued to introduce its productions among the people. Selling their machines (than which there are probably none better) on a system of small monthly payments, they enable all who will to provide themselves with the means of livelihood, and in a branch where skilled labor commands ready wages. "Honor to whom honor is due," so while we join the protest against oppression in every form, let us not forget that to every rule there are exceptions; and that in this instance we have cited truly, thousands who have experienced this liberality will bear testimony.

GEORGE STINSON & Co.—We take pleasure in giving prominence to Messrs. Stinson & Co.'s advertisement, which will be found in our general reading matter columns, for the reason that we are sure our readers will be benefited by the inducements extended by them to those who are in need of permanent, profitable work in their own localities. We are well acquainted with the business conducted by Messrs. Stinson & Co., and advise those of our readers who are out of employment, or who have spare time which they wish to improve to advantage, to correspond with them at once.—*American Advertiser's Gazette.*

A SINGLE trial will convince the most skeptical of the efficacy of HELMBOLD'S GRAPE PILLS in Sick or Nervous Headache, Jaundice, Indigestion, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, General Debility, etc. No nausea, no griping pains, but mild, pleasant and safe in operation. Children take them with impunity. They are the best and most reliable. HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA creates new, fresh and healthy blood, beautifies the complexion and imparts a youthful appearance, dispelling Pimples, Blisters, Moth Patches and all eruptions of the skin.

"The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," otherwise the delicate organization of woman could never bear up under the severe trials which it is her lot to endure. As a means of sustaining her strength, and bringing her safely through the difficulties and dangers of which she is by nature the helpless, no medicine ever prescribed is comparable to DR. WALKER'S VEGETABLE VINEGAR BITTERS. In all derangements of the female system it restores regularity, and promotes physical vigor and mental repose.

CHROMOS and Frames, Stereoscopes, Albums, Photographic Materials and Graphoscopes, imported and manufactured by E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel.

"ZOELIAON."—This palatable oxygenated Cod Liver Oil cures Cancer and diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Blood and Skin, when all other remedies fail. Benj. B. Rotton & Co., Cloverine Chemical Works, Brooklyn, N. Y. 816-21

It will obliterate Sallowness, Moth patches, Sunburn, Coarseness, etc., and give a marble-like complexion of great beauty. Hagan's Magnolia Balm will perpetuate the bloom of youth for years. What the Balm is to the complexion, Lyon's Celebrated Katharon is to the hair. It causes the hair to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, prevents the hair from falling out or turning gray. 816-19

SOLID GOLD AND SOLID SILVER.—We sell Waltham Watches in Gold and Silver Cases only, but at prices so low, that there is no longer any inducement to purchase the worthless watches with which the country has been flooded. For full particulars and prices, send for our Illustrated Price List, and mention that you saw this notice in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. HOWARD & CO., No. 865 Broadway, New York. The new "Boys' Watch" is now ready. 11

FEMALE COMPLAINTS should be cured, as they often can be, by a few doses of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

RESPONSIBLE Advertising Agencies are a great advantage to both advertiser and publisher. That of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., No. 40 Park Row, New York, is considered by many the most complete establishment of the kind in the United States.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

\$5 TO \$10 PER DAY. Men, Women, Boys and Girls who engage in our new business make from five to ten dollars per day in their own localities. You can engage in this business during your spare time, or devote your whole time to it, as you may please or as may be convenient. We send full particulars and instructions free by mail. Those who see this notice, who are in need of permanent, profitable work, should address, at once,

GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine.

P. S.—We guarantee those who take hold in earnest Two Hundred Dollars per month as long as they work for us. See Complimentary Editorial Notice in another column, headed GEORGE STINSON & CO.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

This will certify that we have used in our family the Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for the last twelve years. It has never had any repairs up to this time, and has done good work. We consider it decidedly the best sewing machine for family use in the market.
A. M. WAGAR,
Rockport, O.

To TIGHTEN the hair in the scalp, and keep it from falling off, use Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

H. O'Neill & Co.,

327 & 329 SIXTH AVE. & TWENTIETH ST.,
IMPORTERS OF FRENCH AND ENGLISH MILLINERY GOODS.

NOW OPENING,

One case of CHIP ROUND HATS, which will be sold for \$2.50; same goods as sold on Broadway for \$6. Also, one case of CHIP BONNETS. New shapes in LEGHORN HATS, LEGHORN BONNETS, AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

Go to O'NEILL'S for Straw Goods.

Black Hair Turbans, \$1.50; sold elsewhere for \$3. Black, Brown, Drab and White English Milan Turbans, Real Panama Bonnets, \$3.75 and \$4; worth \$6. Neapolitan Round Hats and Bonnets of the newest shapes, from 90c. to \$1.50. Real Waterproof Round Hats and Bonnets, 65c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.50.

Go to O'NEILL'S for Ribbons.

Gros-grain Bonnet Ribbons, Nos. 9, 12 and 13, all the new Spring Shades. 50 Cartons of Black Plaid, reduced from \$1.25 to 85c. 25 Cartons of Plaid Sash Ribbons, 50c., 65c., 75c. to \$1. Job lot of 7-inch Black French Gros-grain Sash Ribbons will be sold for \$1, \$1.15 and \$1.20; worth \$2 per yard, gold.

Go to O'NEILL'S for French Flowers.

Roses, Montures, Garlands, Vines, Leaves, Ostrich Tips and Pompons in new Spring shades.

Go to O'NEILL'S,

And examine the new department of made-up LACE GOODS, White Lawn Suits, \$5 upward; White Overskirts and Sacques, \$5 upward; Guipure Lace Sacques, \$6.75; Valenciennes Lace Collars, Lace Sleeves, Lace Sets, Lace Handkerchiefs.

Our prices will be found to be fifty per cent. lower than Broadway prices. All goods made on the premises. Special attention given to orders.

Go to O'NEILL'S for

Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, lined and unlined; Buff Parasols, 60c., 65c., 75c. and 85c.; Silk Sun Umbrellas, \$1.35 to \$3; Silk Fongée, lined, \$2, \$2.45 to \$3.20.

100 dozens of Lupin's Kid Gloves, two buttons, \$1.25; best goods in the city for the price. Latest novelties in Spring Scarfs and Ties. Windsor Scarfs, Crêpe de Chine, Silk Scarfs, at 50c., formerly 95c.

Everything marked in plain figures.

H. O'NEILL & CO.,

327 and 329 Sixth Avenue and Twentieth Street.

MEARES' PARAGON SHIRTS, made

to order of best materials, and

WARRANTED TO FIT.

Sent by express, C. O. D., to any part of the country at the following rates:
6 Shirts, good muslin and linen fronts, \$9.
6 Shirts, better muslin and good linen, \$10.50.
6 Shirts, Masonville muslin and fine linen, \$12.
6 Shirts, Wamsutta muslin and very fine linen, \$13.50.
6 Shirts, New York Mills and best linen, \$15.
Directions for measurement forwarded on application.
RICHARD MEARES,
Corner Sixth Avenue and Nineteenth Street.

For Moth Patches, Freckles and Tan,

USE PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable and harmless. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. Sold by druggists everywhere. 808-20

\$10 A DAY—Business entirely new. Circulars free.

Address J. C. RAND & CO., Biddeford, Me. 817-29

BRONZED IRON BEDSTEADS,

Cribs and Cradles,

OF SUPERIOR STYLE and FINISH. All furnished with a SPRING BOTTOM, requiring but one Mattress when in use.

TUCKER MANUFACTURING CO.,

39 and 41 Park Place, New York.

117 and 119 Court Street, Boston. 11

\$50 PER WEEK TO AGENTS, male or female.

L. L. GARSIDE, Paterson, N.J. 718-21

THE BLACK SHADOW,

BY

ANNIE THOMAS,

Author of "My Father's Wife," "Played Out," etc.,

Will be found complete in No. 314 of

FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER.

Ready Monday, May 22d.

Other Stories by this popular Novelist will follow.



NEW YORK,

WILL MAKE LARGE REDUCTIONS

IN ALL THEIR

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENTS,

Commencing on MONDAY with
ENGLISH PRINTS, FRENCH PRINTS,
FRENCH PRINTED JACONETS,
FRENCH PRINTED ORGANDIES,
BAREGES, GRENADINES,
SILK CHAIN POPLINS,
SILK CHAIN EPANGELINES,
SILK CHAIN SERGES,
FOULARD SILKS, JAPANESE POPLINS,
BLACK SILKS, PLAIN SILKS,
COLORED FANCY SILKS, Etc., Etc.
An examination will convince our customers of this ACTUAL ABATEMENT in prices.

Also,
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHINGS,
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S OUTFITTINGS,
HOSIERY, UNDERGARMENTS, ETC.
AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

Would call special attention to their splendid stock of BLACK IRON GRENADINES.

At prices ranging from 60 cents per yard and upward. The above goods are the best Paris finish, pure silk and wool, and, having been purchased under great depression, will be offered fully 25 per cent. less than regular prices.

CARPETS.

Notwithstanding the RECENT LARGE advance in the price of CARPETS by the European Manufacturers, we will continue to sell, during the balance of this month,

AT OLD PRICES.

English Tapestry Brussels, \$1.10 to \$1.25.

English Body Brussels, \$1.75 to \$2.25.

And all our NEW PRIVATE DESIGNS,

VELVETS, WILTONS, MOQUETTE, and

AXMINSTER

AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES. CARPETS,



RUSSIAN TURKISH BATHS,

GIBSON'S BUILDING,

Corner Broadway and Thirteenth Street.

THESE BATHS ARE THE LARGEST and most complete in the city. They combine the best features of the two most noted and valuable systems of bathing—the Russian and Turkish. The Russian, in the application of vapor and the manner of cleansing the skin, together with a series of douches and plunges, thus effecting relaxation and reaction, producing a powerful and invigorating tonic effect. The Turkish, in the luxurious shampooing of the whole body. The use of cold water does not involve such violent shocks as is generally supposed. There is no discomfort attending the process; but, on the contrary, the sensations produced are of so pleasing a nature as to render these baths the means of real luxury.

HOURS OF BATHING:

From 7 A. M. to 9 P. M.; and on Sundays, from 7 A. M. to 12 M.

DAYS FOR LADIES:

Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.

HOW WHEN AND WHERE TO ADVERTISE.

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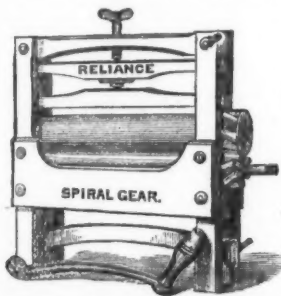
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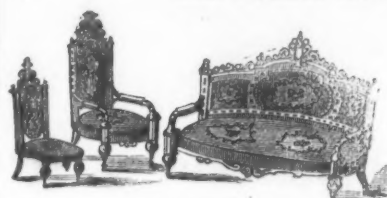
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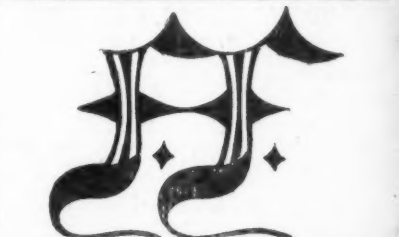
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